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ALLIE WAYNE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

How lovely is the balmy June,
When earth seems all aglow,
When sunbeams smile the live-long day,
And soft south-breezes blow.
The rough north-wind and ravenous frost,
To their polar haunts have fled;
The cold earth wooed by the glowing sun,
Has blushed in roses red.

'Twas in the June-time, long ago,
I met sweet Allie Wayne;
The glimpse of heaven she gave to me
I ne'er shall see again!
Like flowers beguiled by warm south-winds,
That ope their buds too soon,
She came to me with summer-sweets,
And died out with the June!

The balmy June is smiling now,
In all her flowery pride;
But ah! the roses lost their bloom,
When darling Allie died.
A cold, dead weight is on my heart,
And a shadow on my brow,
For she who once brought summer here,
Has left a winter now!

Is love, that thrills the immortal soul,
As frail as human breath?
Or does its pure, electric flame
Survive the gloom of death?
Oh! golden dreams of early youth,
Will ye not come again?
Shall I not meet, in brighter climes,
My angel, Allie Wayne?

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER I.

A charmed ladye—pale and fair,
With deep dark eyes and raven hair—
A slender hand—a sweet, low voice,
Whose utterance is rare and choice—
And dreamy lips, whose touch were bliss—
Who knows a ladye like to this? M. B.

The world, as all who live in it very well know, has periodical seasons for going mad—constantly recurring intervals, when straight-waistcoats and ornaments of iron seem absolutely necessary for its safety, though they have never yet been applied.

One of these spasmodic fits of excitement was at its culminating point at the time of which I write. London had been comparatively sane for many months, and the long pent-up enthusiasm of its denizens burst out suddenly, like champagne from a freshly opened bottle, when a fitting cause for enthusiastic extravagances arrived. It was not the Comet—it was not the Moon hoax—it was not the approaching Millennium—that roused them so; neither did it come it the shape of a religious revival, or a monster political demonstration. Little enough had the cause to do with millenniums or revivals, if all was truth that was whispered here and there; little enough with moon or burning stars, or indeed with anything skyward. Does any one wish me to speak more plainly? Cannot all read this little riddle of mine: "What is that which goes around the house, and stays within the house, and yet contrives to set every person and every thing by the ears, for miles outside the house?" I think I see some worthy old gentleman looking sagely (as he reads this portion of my initial chapter aloud) at his wife and daughters, who are busy with their work around the parlor table, after tea.

"Can you guess, my dear?"

"I? Oh, no!" replies the good mamma, looking innocently back at him. "'Round the house, and stays within the house'—perhaps it is the cat?"

"No, my love, it is a woman!"

Unfortunate man, what a storm you will bring about your ears by that audacious speech! How madam will look grave, and begin to talk about the village news! How Mary Jane and Sophia will exclaim against your uncharitable interpretation, and vow that if it is the true one, they will never, *never* read the story as long as they live! Nevertheless, good sir, you are in the right—if that can console you. It *was* a woman who was at the bottom of the mischief, as usual—a woman over whom London was rejoicing in this most absurd fashion—and, above all, a woman of whom strange stories had been told, and (so report said) with the greatest reason. No saint was she—no Psyche, hovering with unsoiled wings above this mundane sphere—but "simply," as in her fierce, indomitable pride, she called herself—simply, Regina!—"Regina, the Actress!"

This was her first appearance in London; and on the night appointed, the pit and galleries of the ——— Theatre were crowded to suffocation as soon as the doors were opened; while even the dress circle and the private as well as public boxes filled before the overture commenced. A subdued murmur of voices formed a running accompaniment to the music; every one was talking of "Regina;" every one was wondering *why* she had come at last, after receiving so many and such fabulous offers from London managers, without heeding them, before. The history of her life, and her avoidance of the metropolis, was, unhappily, no secret; and there was scarcely a shopboy in the pit who did not know that her first lover had been a young English nobleman, who died just as he was on the point of converting their *liaison* into a respectable *bona fide* marriage; and that through grief at the loss, either of the lover or the title—(I mention both, because some people said one, while some stuck to the other)—she had well-nigh vowed a vow never to recall the agony of their parting by visiting the land of his birth—of the city where the brother who now bore his name would very probably come under her notice—possibly be persuaded to see her play! Since his death she had dazzled Paris, and taken New York by storm—had driven the staid Bostonians wild, and flashed through the whole United States like a meteor, drawing a train of inflammable Yankees after her, like captives at her chariot wheels. Tiring at last, even of their devotion, she had retired from the stage—some said for a time, some said forever—and had been living quietly, in a Texan villa, till she emerged from her seclusion in this startling way. It was rumored that the manager of the ——— Theatre, who had been travelling in the States, had stumbled upon her retreat in the most unexpected and delightful way; and, animated by his good fortune, so wrought upon her by his persuasive arguments of tongue and purse, that she resigned her villa, and accompanied him to England, with the avowed intention of playing now and then, through the season. It might have been so; but every act of her life was so thickly overlaid with romance, that the truth was sometimes harder to come at than if it had been hidden in the deepest well that was ever dug.

Scandal's tongue had taken its usual license in the matter of the lovers; the real fact of the case being that Regina had favored only one—the young Englishman already alluded to. He had seen her at her first appearance on any stage—he had heard her sing in a minor Parisian theatre, and had formed the determination, which he afterwards carried out, of winning her for himself, before another had breathed a single word of love in her ear. Her antecedents were of the most simple kind. She was the daughter of a needy actor, and, he dying, the company, poor as it was, had generously adopted her. She was the "child," not "of the regiment," but of "the stage." There was no one to question Lord Erlinford's proceedings—her parents having both gone to their last account; and he took the fair Madeline to his house and home when she was but sixteen and he but twenty-one. No one told her that she was doing wrong by going with him; she had never been inside a church since her mother died; and the poor souls at the theatre, who had been so kind to her, rejoiced openly at her good fortune, and dried the few tears she shed on parting with them, by talking to her of the wonderful things Lord Erlinford would give her, and how they should look up at night to see her in the stall-box of their house, grand and beautiful as a fairy queen. She went away smiling in her carriage, with her lover by her side, thinking that Fairy Land could never be one-half so beautiful as Paris, and that fairy princes were not to be named in the same day with the eager boy whose dear blue eyes were looking so tenderly into her own, and whose musical voice was saying, "Mine, Madelaine—mine forever! We shall never have to part from each other again—we shall *never* have to say 'Good-night' and 'Good-morning' now except in our own dear home!"

"More sinned against than sinning" was poor Madelaine. For Lord Erlinford there was no such excuse. Born in an English home, and of English parents, he was able to choose good from evil. It was by his own deliberate free will that he entered, even in his earliest years, upon a course of dissipation that broke his mother's heart, and at last brought his father after her to the grave; it was by his own choice that, on the very day of his majority, he left Oxford for Paris, determined to drink to the dregs that cup whose first draught had intoxicated him so. The year had passed in the maddest revelry—his health was ruined, his constitution shattered, and, for the first time in his existence, he felt the stings of remorse. The pale face of his mother—the stern eye of his father—were ever before him; his boon companions could no longer please, and his usual pursuits bored him. In a word, Lord Erlinford was wretched. In this state of mind he first saw Madelaine. Her innocent beauty charmed and roused him; her timid love, and her *naïve* manner of showing it, completed the spell; and, by way of expressing his interest, he led her on to her ruin! There was only one redeeming point about the arrangement—he vowed solemnly to be faithful to her, and observed his vow. His life was devoted to her service; for her sake he avoided all his former associates—gave up gaming and drinking—superintended her education—studied all her wants and wishes, and made their home as domestic and pleasant a place as if it had been located in England, and hallowed by the blessing of the church.

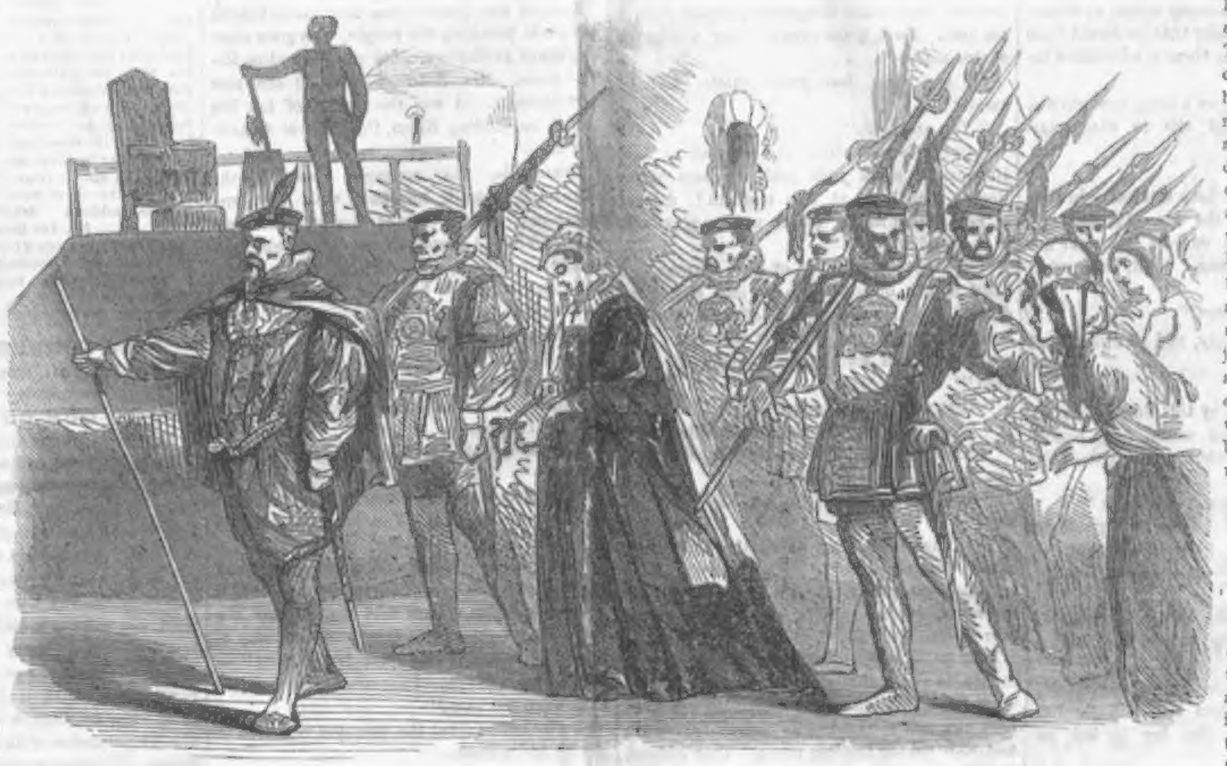
A year passed on, and he was soon to be a father. The dormant good (and there was much) in his nature was aroused by the tidings. His child! How would it repay him for the evil he had done? How could he bear to look upon its face, remembering that his own parents, through his fault, were lying cold and still in the family vault at Erlinford? Only one thing could he do to show his sorrow for the past—he would make amends to Madelaine—she should be his wife—she and her child should both be able to bear his name.

But true is the old proverb, "Man proposes—God disposes." Lord Erlinford placed a plain gold ring on Madelaine's hand one evening, and led her to an apartment distant from his own, whispering, as he kissed her, "Good-night; that their separation was but for a short time; that on the morrow she would be his wife." The morning came, but he was far away from her. They found him lying dead upon his pillow, with his hands clasped as if in prayer; and before the day closed, the spirit of his prematurely-born child had followed him, and Madelaine was lying on her bed, delirious, and watched over most tenderly by her foster-mother of the theatre.

Am I lingering too long upon the threshold of my tale? There is not much more to say. Madelaine died—but in her place arose "Regina, the Actress!"—a proud, beautiful woman, who found that the world rejected her after her fall, and therefore set the world at defiance. Stately, magnificent, and cold, she stood at the head of her profession. She saw crowds kneeling at her feet, and turned from them all with a smile, half-contemptuous, half-sad, to gaze upon the ring she wore, or upon the portrait of a fair-haired man in the first bloom of youth, that always hung in her own private boudoir. The vanity of her rejected suitors, and the malice of the world at large, had done much to injure her; but for that she cared little. Her books, her pets, and the society of the good old actress, made up the pleasures of her home; her profession sufficed to occupy her mind, and the success she won in it infinitely outbalanced the hearts offered for her acceptance. But there was a hard as well as a gentle side to her nature. Like Ishmael, her hand was against every man, simply because she felt that every man's hand was against her; and she revenged herself upon the world by torturing those whose evil fortune made them love her, with a cruelty almost diabolic. No one could be more lovely or more fascinating that Regina; but he who listened to the fatal song the Syren sung, was not more surely doomed than they who watched this modern enchantress, and suffered themselves to be entangled by her wiles.

Having acknowledged thus much, let us turn to the theatre again, and look for one moment on those who are waiting in our company for the curtain to rise and reveal Regina.

It does not often happen that a writer can find characters so conveniently arranged as mine seem to be at present. They are sitting in the theatre, at their ease, quite unconscious of the destiny before them; and when the curtain rises, we shall see our heroine too. So, without further ceremony, I may begin to describe them.



REGINA, AS "MARY STUART."

First, then, in a box upon the right of the stage, sat a handsome man, of thirty-one, "or thereabouts," whose face was somewhat flushed, as if with good living, and whose abundant curling brown hair and beard were arranged with a care that bespoke a leaning towards coxcombry, to say the least. He was tall and finely formed, but somewhat awkward in his movements. His hands and feet, moreover, were rather large than small, and his dress was more dandified than elegant. Had he been a banker's clerk, no one would have hesitated in applying the word "vulgar" to him. As he was the Earl of Charlemount, unmarried, and with a clear rent-roll of fifty thousand a year, people boggled at that phrase, and compromised the matter with their consciences by saying that he was "odd," "singular," and "had a taste of his own." They were quite right. And a very peculiar taste, too, it was, sometimes.

He was the second son of Lord Erlinford, and, if truth must be told, had not helped, by his own behavior, to lengthen that peer's life. While his brother Alfred ran over the road to ruin with titled associates, George caroused with low and vulgar ones. After the death of his father, he took an odd fancy to the study of medicine; and as it would by no means have been proper for an Erlinford to adopt such a profession, he walked the hospitals *incognito*, and consorted much with students of the Bob Sawyer class, who aided and abetted him in orgies which it is best to leave untold. Before he had got quite beyond the outskirts of Belgravian and Westendian pardon, his brother luckily died, and his title and fortune brought him to his senses and to his proper place in society. He married the daughter of a Scotch peer, and sent her, in less than two years, to keep his parents company in the family vault. The physicians averred that Lady Erlinford died of consumption. Our gossips and their *clique* shrugged their bony shoulders and muttered, "A broken heart, more likely." Nevertheless, her little mishap did not keep others from coveting her place; and when the earldom of Charlemount was added to the barony of Erlinford, the poor man was nearly torn in pieces by the many fair hands stretched forth to seize him; and drawled out one day to his bosom friend and toady, "'Pon my word, Grosvenor, I must really go abroad, or they will marry me in spite of myself."

And he did go abroad. He resided in Italy for a time, till a fair marchesa took it into her head to fall in love with him—for he had a certain beauty of his own—and to do him the honor of occupying the second seat in his travelling carriage when he left Venice; only for a few miles, however, for the father and brothers were in hot pursuit. They came up with the fugitives, and left the Earl stretched upon the ground with a couple of balls in his right lung, while the marchesa was bundled back ignominiously and shut up in a convent, to remember her Englishman or do penance for her sins, as she chose. Even the pistol balls failed to cure him. As soon as he recovered, he set off for America, to amuse himself with Yankee belles who were "presumptuous enough" to fancy that a coronet and its owner were within their reach. Fine fun it must have been, for he did not return from the States for several years, and the English maidens had well-nigh ceased to wear the willow, when he reappeared among them, gayer, richer, and more wary than ever. Many eyes turned wistfully towards the box where he lounged on this night—many feminine anathemas were launched at the unconscious head of Captain Tom Grosvenor, "whose odious influence probably kept him from marrying;" but, above all, the ladies were discussing the question of Regina's early love, and wondering if she would recognize the Earl, and if she would faint or scream when she did so. He had his musings upon the subject himself, and was almost nervously anxious to see the woman who had so nearly robbed him of all he valued most on earth.

Directly opposite the Earl's box was that of his second cousin, Eustace Erlinford, M. P., tenanted by Mrs. Erlinford, a pretty woman of forty-five, and her daughter Helen, a beautiful girl, "just out," an only child, and an immense heiress, since the bulk of the Erlinford estate, in addition to her mother's fortune, was settled upon her. She was a blonde beauty, with large, blue eyes, and hair of that perfect golden tint so seldom seen except on the heads of very young children. A slight natural wave in its glossy surface added to the charm of this bright coronal, and a stray ringlet escaped from its durance and fell upon the whitest neck in the world. She wore no ornaments; not even a ring or bracelet marred the perfect symmetry of her hand and arm. One modest white rose, with its green leaves, decked her corsage; *a bouquet of the same timeless flowers was on her lap.* For the rest, her dress was devised with the purest simplicity, and a scarf of exquisite filmy lace thrown over all, in lieu of an opera cloak, added to it a peculiar and pleasing effect. Lord Charlemount, looking across at her through his opera-glass, compared her to the young May moon enveloped in a silvery cloud. It was not often that his lordship grew poetical, but Helen was quite fair enough to excuse the outburst.

"Beauty and innocence, white roses and purity, and all that sort of thing," he said, shutting up his glass and turning to Grosvenor. "Come with me, Tom. I must go and pay my respects to my cousin, and congratulate Miss Erlinford, for she has just been presented at Court. We can see Regina quite as well from their box—only mind, Tom, if Eustace comes in you must listen to him; I can't. He actually wants me to go and live at Erlinford, and watch over the welfare of my tenants, and see that their cottages are healthy, and all that sort of thing. He has brought some measure into Parliament about them. Do let him talk to you about it, or he'll burst."

"Oh, I don't mind listening; I can doze with my eyes wide open," said Captain Tom, good-naturedly, as he followed his patron round to the other box, where they were received by Mrs. Erlinford with a joyous welcome, and by Helen with a shy look of pleasure, such as a fawn might give at the approach of one who has been kind to her. Helen was always glad to see Charlemount; she had known him from her cradle, and loved him as a brother.

One more remains to be noticed of our *dramatis personæ*. In the pit, half sitting, half-leaning upon the first row of benches, was a fair-haired, resolute-looking man, apparently of the same age as the Earl, and bearing—strange to say—a slight resemblance to him, and also to Helen. It was difficult to say in what the likeness consisted, but it was there. Yet he was far handsomer than the Earl. The forehead, from which the wavy hair was brushed carelessly, was high, and white, and smooth; the nose was slightly aquiline; the lips full, and firmly set; the chin beautifully moulded, and slightly indented, as if the lips of Venus had lingered there one moment; the eyes were large, blue, and sparkling, varying with every mood of their owner, though their general expression was tinged with melancholy. The figure of this man was tall and elegant; his hands and feet of aristocratic smallness; his dress neat and simple; and his whole air and manner refined and gentlemanly in the extreme. It was difficult to look at him and at the Earl without feeling that they should have changed places. Poor, nameless author though he was, he looked far nobler than the peer.

Captain Grosvenor, whose eyes had been wandering over the house, suddenly caught sight of him, and pointed him out to Lord Charlemount's notice.

"There's Clifford!"

"Clifford! Clifford who?"

"Why, *the* Clifford—the author—the man who wrote the book you were mad over the other day. You said you wanted to see him."

"To be sure I did. We must have him to dine with us some day. The cleverest writer in England, Mrs. Erlinford."

"Indeed!" And the lady took a long stare at him through her glass.

"Not to say the handsomest," chimed in Captain Grosvenor.

Hearing this, Helen Erlinford bent forward to look at him; too well trained, however, to say that she quite agreed with Captain Grosvenor about his beauty. He was studying the play-bill intently; but at that moment, by some odd impulse, he looked up, and saw the three glasses and one pair of very lovely eyes fixed upon him. The color mounted to his brow, for he was as sensitive as a girl; then he turned, with a haughty grace, and looked steadily at the other side of the house.

"Very rude!" said Mrs. Erlinford, laying down her glass. "He seemed quite offended because we looked at him. Odd, isn't it, Helen?"

The entrance of her father prevented Helen from replying; and just as he sat down in the vacant chair beside her, a little bell rang; a murmur and a thrill ran through the vast edifice, as they settled down into their seats; the music ceased, and the curtain rose slowly, while every one bent forward in breathless suspense.

It was, perhaps, a singular play to present to such an audience—that of "Mary Stuart;" but it had been written for Regina, in France, and "toned down" by the present manager, till nothing unpalatable remained for English ears to listen to.

So, there she stood, that loveliest and most unhappy of queens—never, perhaps, more fitly represented than now. The play opened with her escape from Lochleven Castle. The gray towers of her first refuge rose in the background: armed men guarded the drawbridge and the pass; grand noblemen surrounded their liege lady, and Willie Douglas knelt at her feet, with his bright face raised to hers.—The Queen, wearing a riding habit of black, and a velvet cap, whose long white plume almost touched her shoulder, had but just alighted from her horse. One hand played lightly *with his flowing mane, the other was extended for the happy Douglas to kiss;* while her exulting glance, stretching over wood and tower, and up to the distant hills, said, plainer than words could do,

"At last, at last, I am free!"

There was a dead silence when this tableau first met the eyes of the spectators. No one had hoped to see Regina before the second act. The momentary surprise over, that vast audience rose to their feet with a thunder of applause that made the Arabian steed toss his elegant head, and open wide his dark, bright eyes. "Mary Stuart!" "Queen Mary!" "Regina! Regina!" echoed through the house.—The actress stepped forward to the footlights, and bent very slightly in acknowledgment of their deafening cheers.

Well had her character been chosen; for Mary herself could scarcely have seemed more stately or more fair. Far above the usual height of women, and as delicately moulded as Psyche herself, there was yet a lithe grace about her figure that gave the impression of great physical strength and endurance. She was active and agile as the panther of the mountains, and even in her most motionless attitudes there was nothing of repose. A deathless fire shining through a fragile vase, a sharp sword sheathed in a delicately-wrought scabbard—these were the images that suggested themselves to the poet Clifford, as he looked upon that face and form.

Regina wore no rouge. This was one of the many theatrical laws against which she transgressed boldly; but no one could regret it who looked upon her. Her complexion was neither fair nor dark; it had the peculiar creamy hue of the American Creole—the tint of that queen of lilies, the Calla Ethiopia. Only with this complexion could match the faint, clear crimson of the lips, the purple black lustre of the hair, and the soft, dark-grey eyes, made almost black at times by their large pupils and long ebon lashes. No rose-tint was on her cheek, and yet it was not pale. It was easy to see that perfect health and strength joined hands with perfect development in that majestic form. You could *see her living*, freely and exultantly, as she stood before you.

But if there was much of beauty in the face, there was also much of pride. Her large eyes scanned the audience with a kind of quiet scorn, as they shouted and waved their handkerchiefs, and rocked to and fro in their excitement, like the waves of a troubled sea.—Clifford watched her closely, and fancied he understood her feelings. She seemed saying to herself and to them—"Here I am—look well at me! I am the woman who lost the world for love, and now I put that world beneath my feet! You are all my slaves, if I will it; I have only to be gracious, and you will kneel to me! You will never let a wife or daughter of yours touch my hand, or say a kind word to me; but you yourselves will love me—will worship me; and be spurned for your pains!" He was not entirely wrong in his translation. Some such thoughts were passing through Regina's mind, as she received that ovation; but they were far fiercer than he dreamed. She bowed, at last, and made a slight gesture with her hand, as if she was about to speak. In an instant all was still.

"I thank you for your welcome!" she said, with a smile like that which must have lingered around Mary Stuart's lips, when, making her speech to her faithful Commons, in the Scottish dialect they thought she had forgotten, one and all cried out, almost in tears,—"God save that sweet face!" There was one last round of applause; and then the business of the play went on.

When the curtain fell after the first act, Lord Charlemount turned to Helen with a smile.

"Well, Miss Erlinford, what do you think of her?"

"If Mary Stuart was like her, I cannot wonder at—"

Helen checked herself suddenly with a blush.

"At her life or her misfortunes, you were going to say, I suppose. For my part, I have an idea that Regina is like her."

"Do you call her beautiful, my lord?" asked Mrs. Erlinford.

"I shall adopt the plan of my Transatlantic friends, and answer you with another question," he said, laughing. "Do not you?"

"Well, no."

"You surprise me."

"I have heard so much of her wonderful loveliness, that I confess I am disappointed. She has no color."

"Except in her lips. But tell me,—are these for Regina?" he asked, indicating the roses which lay in Helen's lap.

"I hardly know," she said, in a low tone, "I brought them for that purpose."

"And your courage has failed?"

"Yes."

"Do you find her so formidable, then?"

"She seems so proud—so beautiful! I wish I had brought a more brilliant bouquet.—Crimson and gold are the only colors for Regina."

"You invest her with a brilliant grace by those words. Yet I disagree with you. I think she would love these flowers."

"Then she shall have them!" and Helen brushed their cool, white petals over her lips. "Do you know, my lord, I saw one thing on the stage that seemed to me to resemble her?"

"And what was that?"

"The Arabian."

"My dear child, what a strange idea!" said Mrs. Erlinford, who had been watching carefully over this *tete-a-tete*.

"You are right—she is right, Mrs. Erlinford, though it did not strike me till she spoke.—Yes, Regina is as full of fire and courage—and I should say quite as hard to manage, if a stranger's hand is on the rein—as her steed of the desert. Wonderful tales are told of that horse, by-the-way."

"Is it her own?" asked Mrs. Erlinford.

"Yes."

The Earl's face grew dark for a moment, for he remembered that it had been his brother's last gift to her.

Mrs. Erlinford also recollected, when it was too late, and there was an awkward pause.

Helen came very innocently to the rescue.

"What are the tales, my lord?"

"They say he will take his food from no hand but hers; that he follows her about like a dog; and that she has trained him so thoroughly that he understands nearly every word she utters to him."

"Pretty creature!"

"No one ever mounts him, Miss Erlinford. The groom once tried, and well-nigh lost his life for his pains."

"What is his name?"

Lord Charlemount looked oddly at Mrs. Erlinford, who answered for him.

"It is 'Alfred,' my dear."

"Alfred. Is he named after some friend of hers, then, mamma."

"Yes; for a friend who is dead," was the reply.

"It is a pretty thought. I should like some one who loved me—to—to—to—"

There the sentence ended, while she bent over her roses with a crimsoning brow.

If Lord Charlemount had seen that blush twenty-four hours before, the mare which was to run at Epsom the following year would have borne the name of "Helen;" as it was, nothing short of "Regina" would serve his purpose.

"But I have not told you half of his wonderful feats," he continued. "She ought to send him to Astley's, for public exhibition. He eats from a plate and drinks from a glass like a Christian; and searches her pocket for bits of sugar, and dances the Mazourka like—like a Vestris on four legs!"

Helen laughed gayly at the comparison.

"What she will do when he dies, I cannot imagine."

"But why need he die, my lord?"

"Horses, unhappily, do not live forever on this earth, I believe Regina consoles herself by the idea that they go on hereafter, just as we do."

"My lord!" exclaimed Mrs. Erlinford, holding up her pretty hands in horror.

"I only repeat what I have heard, I assure you, Grosvenor, was not that what the manager was telling you?"

"Yes, my lord. He said, in so many words, that Regina believes most firmly in a heaven for horses."

"Why, she must be a heathen, my lord!"

"Yes, I suppose so," said the peer, rather absently quoting in Helen's ear, "'Lo! the poor Indian!'" as he rose to go. "And since you subscribe every year to the missionary fund, I advise you to convert Regina while she is in the way. Miss Erlinford, I shall watch most eagerly the effect of your white roses on her. I suppose you will reserve them till she is led before the curtain?"

"I am afraid I shall lose my courage at the last, and keep them back entirely."

"Nay, that would be too cruel. Will you allow me to do duty for you, if Mrs. Erlinford will kindly give her permission?"

"Certainly, my lord."

"Yes; come back, Charlemount, by all means," said Mr. Erlinford, suddenly joining in the conversation. "This Regina seems to be rather a pretty little thing, and she ought to be encouraged, since it is her first appearance."

Lord Charlemount made his adieus and vanished, with his shadow at his side. Both had the grace not to smile at the M. P.'s speech till they were safe in the lobby. Then the Earl burst out.

"Good heavens! that man's brains and heart are like a fungus! Fancy speaking of that magnificent creature in such a way."

"Smitten!" queried Captain Tom, with a sly nod of the head.

"The most beautiful face—the noblest head—the grandest air!" raved the Earl. "Did you see her eyes, Tom? did you notice her hand? did you listen to her voice?"

"Yes; but, my dear fellow, there goes the bell."

"Never mind, we shall not see her in this act. You must go behind the scenes—"

"What for?"

"How can you ask? You are but one degree better than Erlinford. Of course I must send her a *billet-doux*. The Duke of ——— has been watching her like an old ogre for the last hour. I must be before him in the field."

"No use, my lord.

"What do you mean?"

"Only this, my lord,—that when I was chatting with the manager to-night, he hinted—he did not say it in so many words, of course—but he hinted delicately that he would kick the first man out of his theatre who dared insult her in any way."

Lord Charlemount gave a long, low whistle.

"Aha! So the wind sits in that quarter!"

"I suppose so."

"I always thought there was more in that Texan story than met the ear. People don't change their minds in such a hurry for nothing, as a general thing. Well, Tom, what is to be done?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"The manager is ugly, and awkward, and disagreeable."

"So you think."

"And so must she, by this time. Pshaw! As if a woman like that would fling herself away after such a fashion. Where does she live?"

"He refused to give me her address."

"The man is a fool. Does he suppose he can keep her hid in a place like London?—You must follow the carriage to-night, Tom."

"Very well."

"My cab is here—take that. I wonder if there would be any use in sending her a note."

"Oh! that reminds me. The manager said, distinctly, that all letters left here for her would be thrown into the fire by her request."

"Without her seeing them?"

"Yes."

"The deuce! What can it all mean, Tom?"

"Let me give you one piece of advice, my lord."

"Out with it!"

"Make no advances in your own proper person."

"She does not know the title."

"Do you think he will fail to tell her?"

"Ah, very true! And so she still remembers poor Alfred?"

"I saw the ring on her hand."

"Did you? I was so taken up by her face that I quite forgot to look for it. But that is only one reason the more why we should meet. I wish I looked more like him, I should have a better chance."

At that moment a gentleman brushed against them in the hall, and turned to apologize. It was Clifford, the author, and Grosvenor caught him by the arm.

"My dear fellow, stop one moment. Let me have the pleasure of making two of my friends known to each other. Lord Charlemount has long been anxious to meet you."

The young man bowed rather stiffly, for he recognized one of the party of starers who had annoyed him so.

"There is but one topic for us to discuss this evening," said the Earl, with a gracious smile. "What do you think of Regina?"

"One can hardly *think*, I fancy, when he looks at her," was the reply.

"I agree with you. But we have not seen her act yet. In the scaffold scene, they say she is superb."

"No doubt, my lord."

"Are you going back directly?"

"Yes."

"I was going to ask you to dine with me some day? Shall we say to-morrow?"

Clifford hesitated.

"Pray come," said the Earl, earnestly. "I have been longing to see you ever since I read your last book; and after dinner we can discuss one question which you handle in it."

Was there ever an author in any age who could withstand praise lavished on the child of his brain and pen? It is a flattery that never fails—a stroking of the lion's mane that makes him as gentle as a lamb. Clifford had said to himself a thousand times that he hated "the thing called a lord," with all the intensity of his nature, and yet he was not proof against these honeyed accents heard for the first time from noble lips. He accepted the invitation; said "Good-night," very cordially; and went back to his place with a comfortable glow under the left side of his waistcoat that seemed to create an atmosphere of happiness all around him.

"It is very odd," said Lord Charlemount, looking after the author with a peculiar expression of interest.

"What?" asked Captain Tom.

"Who is this Clifford?"

"No one knows, I fancy."

"He is not a man of good birth, I suppose?"

"No; he has no relations in England. I heard him say once that he stood entirely alone in the world. Yet he looks like a gentleman."

"He does, with a vengeance!" said Lord Charlemount, so emphatically, that his companion looked up in surprise.

"What now, my lord?"

"Who does that man remind you of? Have you ever seen any one like him before?"

Captain Tom considered slowly; then struck his hand upon the railing of the staircase by which they stood.

"By Jove! I should never have thought of it if you had not mentioned it."

"You see the likeness, then?"

"Undoubtedly. He might almost be her brother."

"Her brother! Who on earth are you talking about?"

"Miss Erlinford, of course!" said the Captain, lowering his tone.

Lord Charlemount started.

"What on earth can have put that into your head? And yet it may be so—they have the same golden hair, and large blue eyes. It is strange how faces can resemble each other. Do you remember my brother Alfred?"

"Not well. I never saw him but once, and then we were boys of ten or twelve."

"Well, this man is older, and graver looking; but, with that exception, he is strikingly like him."

"You don't say so!"

"I knew there was something peculiar about him when you first pointed him out to me. As soon as he spoke I detected the resemblance. Now, do you see that he may be very much in my way?"

"How?"

"As regards Regina. She was absurdly fond of Alfred—she keeps his portrait still, I am told. Now, if she ever catches a glimpse of this man—"

"I see, you fear your chance will be small!"

"You are right."

"But he is an author, and as poor as Job. How can he cross your path, or come nearer Regina than he is at this moment? A lover of hers sitting in the pit to see her play—oh, it is a foolish idea!"

"If I know anything of that woman, her heart is not divided into pit and boxes, my dear fellow. It may all pass off well to-night, but I confess I am afraid it will not. We must get him away from London at once, Tom!"

"That will be very easy."

"Why, is he looking out for anything?"

"Some scientific appointment, I believe, to the Red Sea, or some such place."

"Can the appointment be had for money?"

"Is there anything on earth that money cannot buy, my lord?"

"Tom, you have taken a heavy weight off my heart. Come outside, and we will talk it over in the fresh air."

They paced up and down the portico, arm-in-arm, in the moonlight, for a long time.—Then Lord Charlemount ordered his groom to take the cab round to the private entrance, and wait till the Captain came. They entered the theatre again, shook hands in the hall, and Captain Tom stole softly in at the pit door, while the Earl went back to his cousin's box.

There was a very audible "Hush!" from the body of the house, at the slight noise of his entrance, and Helen turned round impatiently, but smiled when she saw who it was. He quickly resumed his seat behind Mrs. Erlinford, and looked down upon the stage.

He started at seeing it hung in black. His conversation with the Captain had almost driven Mary Stuart's execution from his mind, and it came back so suddenly that it seemed so far more real than it would otherwise have done. There was the platform, covered with serge, a chair, and a footstool of crimson velvet—there, too, was the block, and the executioner, with a sharp, bright axe!

A strain of measured, melancholy music floated in, as the great hall doors opened, and the procession entered. Regina deadly pale, and clad in the traditional dress "of black velvet, spangled all over with gold," and the long, white veil, thrown back from her coif, walked steadily behind the Earl Marshal, her crucifix and breviary in her hand. Accepting the hand of her jailor, she mounted the step of the scaffold, and seated herself in the chair.

Her pallor—the mingled majesty and sweetness of her expression, and the sad faces of those around her, made it seem less like acting than reality. The audience seemed to forget that they were in a theatre—they wept for the "Queen of all Scotland"—not for Regina.—Helen's tears fell fast as she pointed out to Charlemount a little snow-white dog, crouching and quivering at his mistress's feet—the representative of the little "Skye terrier" who was found moaning near the severed head of Mary, and who never touched food after her death.

The executioners advanced, and kneeling at the Queen's feet, received pardon for the deed they were to do. Regina rose and laid aside her outer garment, raised the crucifix towards heaven, and then blessed with it her two weeping attendants, as they said "Farewell!" Blindfolded and alone she turned towards the block. The stage and house were gradually darkened—a solemn silence reigned on every side. "In Thee, oh, Lord, I put my trust!" said the gentle voice. The curtain descended slowly—Regina bowed her head—the executioner raised the glittering axe. "Into Thy hands, oh, Lord, I commend my spirit!" The curtain fell, and three heavy blows resounded, one after the other, upon the block, followed by the plaintive wail of the dog. The life of Mary Stuart was at an end!

Up flashed the lights, but the house was silent—no one ventured to applaud. It had been almost too real! Strong men were dashing tears from their eyes, and women wept as if their hearts were broken.

Lord Charlemount turned to Helen, with a suspicious quivering of the lips, as he asked,

"Did I not tell you she would touch every heart?"

She did not answer; and, looking in her face, he saw that it was quite colorless. Mrs. Elinford saw it, too, and sprang up and caught her, just as she was falling.

"Water! water, my lord! She has fainted!"

Mrs. Erlinford flung the door open, and began to fan her. Charlemount ran down to a refreshment room, and possessed himself of a decanter and glass. When he returned, Helen was sitting back in the friendly shadow of the curtains, for many eyes were turned that way. She smiled like an angel as he presented the glass.

"I am afraid I frightened you."

"You did, most certainly. Was it the heat?"

"I think not." She drank the water, and returned the glass. "A thousand thanks, my lord! I am *sorry* I was so foolish!"

"Was it her acting that made you faint?"

"Yes. You will think me very childish, but it was all so like actual life that I was terrified; and when I heard the axe I turned sick; I could not do away with the idea that they had beheaded her."

"I confess I felt it too, for a moment. The cry of the dog was very effectual. They say the little thing quite understands his part."

"Will they call her before the curtain?"

"Certainly. They are getting over the shock already. There! Do you not hear them?"

Even as he spoke, a tumult of applause broke out, and the name of Regina filled the house.

"Can you stay?" asked Charlemount, anxiously. "It will be very noisy, and they say she does not like to be called out after playing this part. If you still feel ill, I had better call the carriage. She may not come."

"Oh, no! I must stay—I must see her. Thank you. I am quite well now."

He put the glass down, and stood behind her chair, watching the people, who grew more impatient as the moments passed and no Regina came. Mrs. Erlinford watched the pair complacently. It was the dream of her life to call her darling Helen, Countess of Charlemount.

Meanwhile, the manager, hearing the increasing tumult, knocked, with fear and trembling, at the door of Regina's dressing-room. The old Frenchwoman, whom she called her *bonne mere*, opened it.

"Can I see her?" he asked.

"Walk in, sir."

He did enter; and saw the actress stretched upon a sofa, near the fire, with her eyes closed. The little dog barked sharply; she looked up, and changed her recumbent posture for a sitting one.

"Well, my dear, were you satisfied with me?"

"Satisfied, is not the word! You made me shed tears, Madame. You frightened me—you—"

"That will do," she said, waving her hand with a smile. "I shall be vainer than ever if you do not mind. I am told that I play the part well. I ought for I love the memory of Mary Stuart as I should have loved herself.—It kills me, though. I must not play it often. I am worn out now."

She looked so; yet the manager ventured to proffer his request.

"If you would but come before the curtain for one moment."

"Like this?"

"But they are calling for you."

"Let them. It is against all decency. Tell them I cannot come—that I am ill! Tell them I am beheaded. I can't go without my head!" she added, laughing.

"But they will tear the house down!"

She opened her eyes wonderingly. The tumult outside seemed to corroborate his words, and she rose from her sofa.

"It is a stupid custom, this; but you shall not have your house pulled about your ears for my fault. Come, Fidele."

She let him lead her from the room. The audience rose as she came before them, looking pale, and haggard, and worn. Some sailor in the gallery swung his hat, and cried out, "An English cheer, boys!" And, carried away by an unwonted enthusiasm, almost every man in the house responded to the whimsical appeal. Regina looked half startled at the outburst, but she smiled and curtsied at the end, and laid her hand upon her heart as if to thank them. Still the applause continued. The air was thick with flowers; the house was white with waving kerchiefs. The manager was half hidden behind a pyramid of bouquets; and the pet dog who had frisked after his mistress, took a small nosegay in his mouth and carried it gravely behind the curtain. At that moment Helen leaned forward and threw her flowers. Clifford also sent a knot of white violets from the pit, and Regina glanced at both donors. Her face grew paler yet, as she saw the features of the young author. She lifted the bouquet of roses herself, bent her head slightly towards Helen's box, and was gone.

"Oh, mamma! she knew they came from me!" cried Helen, as every one rose to go.—"Did you see her look this way?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And she stooped for *my* flowers. I am so glad I threw them!"

"Helen, wrap your cloak around you.—Lord Charlemount is waiting to give you his arm."

She turned to him for sympathy as they went towards the carriage.

"You were right, my lord—she was pleased with them. I think she smiled; but she looked so pale. Do you think it makes her ill to play?"

"I have heard that it does, Miss Erlinford."

"I think she will keep my roses," said Helen, going back to that subject again.

"Who would not?" was the gallant answer, as he put her into the carriage, and wished her "Good-night." But as they drove away, she caught a glimpse of his face, and wondered what made him look so stern and angry.

Poor child! She little dreamed which way his thoughts were tending. She little knew that he had marked Regina's glance at Clifford. Still less did she imagine that her roses had been but a screen to the white violets, and that Charlemount knew it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The old lady's advice to her daughter, when the latter was about to commence housekeeping, puts the matter in its true light:—"My dear," said she, "by not knowing how to make puddings and pies, you may be occasionally annoyed, but if you are ignorant of roasting and boiling, you may be annoyed every day."

☞ Howsoever poor a man may be, his teeth at least can boast of a palatial residence.

☞ "Mother, you musn't whip me for running away from school any more!" "Why?" "Because my school-book says that *ants* are the most industrious beings in the world; and ain't I a *true-ant*?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I'D BE A POET. Respectfully declined.

OUR NOVELETS.

We promised our readers a series of *first rate* stories this year, and we think we never published an equal number of the kind in any one year. "Danesbury House" is the second of Mrs. Wood's admirable productions that we have laid before our readers since the first of January, and we have a *third* now in hand—written expressly for THE POST—which is, to say the least, not inferior to either "The Earl's Daughters" or "Danesbury House." Mrs. Wood seems to us to have all the power of Mrs. Southworth, with a greatly superior moral tone. Her writings, while full of interest, are always promotive of the cause of morality and virtue. Without making invidious comparisons, we think we may safely say that the stories we are now publishing in THE POST, are not equalled by those in any contemporary.

"Regina; or, the Birthright," which we commence in the present number, is a story of deep and absorbing interest by another gifted lady author.

Our readers could do us a good turn by calling the attention of their friends to our present admirable series of stories, and especially to those by Mrs. Wood, who, we are proud to say, writes for no other periodical in the country. We design beginning her new story immediately at the close of DANESBURY HOUSE.

THE PRESS.

The constant elevation and improvement of the periodical press of our country is one of the most marked and gratifying tokens of our social progress. In fulness and variety of information, in readiness and range of discussion, and *in an active moral sense of their duties and responsibilities*, American newspapers, in general, have long been advancing, and never at a more rapid rate than during late years. This is a fact of public observation, and should give hope, and pride, and higher ambition to every public journal of the country.

So says the new daily, the World. We are free to confess that we do not perceive the *moral* improvement alluded to. We observe that the leading daily papers of New York now habitually publish reports of prize fights and loathsome criminal cases, which, ten years ago, they would not have thought of doing. The daily papers of Philadelphia and Boston, seeing the great success of the New York sheets, are beginning to follow suit. The New York Herald led off—the other New York dailies first blamed—but, finding the public *would patronize* the Herald, and on that very account too, they naturally began to emulate what they had condemned. And now, the fuller account that a daily paper can give of any disgusting divorce or other similar suit, the greater will be its sale. In fact, this is a great objection now-a-days to being pecuniarily connected with any daily paper—for, if it does not do as its neighbors do, it probably will not succeed at all, certainly not greatly. Therefore, while we are willing to admit that American newspapers were never more distinguished for ability and enterprise than at present, we think the less said about their "active moral sense of their duties and responsibilities" the better.

DOING A YANKEE.—A stout gentleman, well known in China, was lately *feted* at Taiwan for two or three days, "the observed of all observers," he being an immense man, and good specimen of a Transatlantic Anglo-Saxon; but the series of crowded visits he received at last became troublesome, and he found he was being made too much of. The fact was, he was being exhibited! a charge being made for the exhibition.—*Twelve Years in China.*

Our city councils should have taken a lesson from the above, and found some way to exhibit the Japanese Ambassadors, at so much a sight. It would have brought many thousands of dollars into the City Treasury, and saved the Japanese from a great deal of crowding and pushing. We only wonder that some one of the party, with the known Japanese proclivity to the use of their sharp blades, has not committed the "Happy Dispatch" before this time. As the New Yorkers intend, it is said, giving them a tour of six miles through their city, we suppose it is with the hope that something of this kind may happen, and enable the authorities of that city to have one or more of the ambassadors to bury, and thus eclipse Philadelphia. In view of the folly shown here, we do not see how the New Yorkers can maintain their usual supremacy in that respect, unless they make a bonfire of their City Hall again.

ROSA BONHEUR.—For an authoritative denial of some recent interesting rumors relative to this celebrated artist, see our Paris letter.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The most heroic man of the age—Italy's "man for the hour," as we almost begin to believe—seems to be triumphant in Sicily. If Sicily is free, Naples is not far from freedom. Truly, we might almost hope to see a United Italy—mighty enough to protect herself from foreign invasion, united enough to suppress all domestic discord.

Taught and disciplined in the school of adversity, Garibaldi would seem to be alike honest, sincere and brave. And he has reached that period of life, when the soul no longer expects impossibilities, but is content with less magnificent results than those which fire the aspiring mind of youth. The Italian Republic is seen to be a dream—the Constitutional Monarchy, under Victor Emmanuel, a possibility, perhaps a probability.

To see Italy rise once more like the phœnix from her ashes, and become United, Independent and Free, would be a sight to gladden the eyes of freemen everywhere. But between false friends—as Louis Napoleon probably is—and open foes—as the other despots of Europe undoubtedly are—how little hope there would seem to be even now. To keep France in a good humor, Sardinia parted with Savoy and Nice. It was a bitter pill, as the recent debate in the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies proves—but France, "the only nation that fights for an idea," clamored for spoil, and Cavour, it is evident, could do no better than he did. Even now, it would seem, Louis Napoleon is demanding something more, in anticipation of Garibaldi's success. France cannot submit to the erection of a powerful kingdom in Italy, without further acquisitions of territory herself. "It is not compatible with her safety"—that is the stereotyped phrase. If Naples is incorporated with Sardinia, France seems to be disposed to claim Sicily—making thus, monkey like, a cat's paw of Garibaldi.

Well, the drama is not yet finished—not even opened sufficiently to see the play fairly. Let us see what part Louis Napoleon will this time assume. Garibaldi has but his one great character, that of liberator and hero—Louis Napoleon has, we fear, many. If he comes upon the stage once more as the deliverer of oppressed nationalities, see if he does not go off of it, as before, with a snug little territory in his pocket.

AN ANSWER.

A correspondent wishes information upon the following weighty matter:—

If I address a letter to my wife (a woman of family), at present residing *temporarily* with her father in another city, has he a right to open such letters, and destroy them, without her consent, or against her wishes. Is it not a criminal offence?

Our correspondent says that his wife is "a woman of family." This is equivocal—for it may mean either that she is the happy mother of a large number of children, or else that her relatives belong to the "best society," the "upper crust," and the "upper ten thousand." Now our correspondents, in asking for information, should be always careful to give us the exact state of the case; for it is evident that the course to be pursued towards an "upper-crust" father of an "upper crust" wife, might be very different from that which it would be wise to pursue towards one of the "under crust" fathers.

Overlooking, however, this failure in the respect of precision in our correspondent's question, we may lay it down as a general rule that a father has no right to open any letter that may be written to his daughter by her husband, *without her consent.*

Moreover, to open and destroy such letters, is undoubtedly, strictly speaking, a criminal offence—but then, on the other hand, no man of sense would think of prosecuting his wife's father for so doing. If our correspondent is on good terms with his wife, and able to maintain her, he has nothing to do, as they say in the advertisements of lost articles, but to call at his wife's temporary residence, "prove property, and take her away." This is much better than talking about criminal prosecutions. You cannot injure the character of your wife's father without injuring her, and it is not wise to spatter mud around your own fireside.

THE CROPS.

The advices from the West and North-West are still favorable, on the whole, so far as the crops are concerned. East as well as West, all hearts are anxious this year, for a good crop would do much to help both sections. In certain portions of the West, if there is another failure of the harvests, we hardly know what the inhabitants will do, for they have had poor crops already for two successive years. That the Lord of the Harvest may smile this year upon the labors of the husbandman, is the fervent prayer of thousands of anxious hearts.

A CORRECTION.

A recent extract in THE POST from a criticism on Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," in the New York Press, should not, it seems, have been credited to Mrs. Juliette H. Beach, but to Mr. Beach. As the critique in question is a very good specimen of honest, downright writing, and not open to the usual objection of being "milk and watery," we quote at greater length from it, as follows:—

Walt Whitman has had a narrow escape from being a great poet. He combines in him all the requisites but one; but that one is indispensable. He has strength, he has beauty, but he has no soul. Intellect, I grant, wide in its scope, and powerful in its grasp. Yet with all this, I doubt if, when the Judgment-Day comes, Walt Whitman's name will be called. He certainly has not soul enough to be saved. I hardly think he has enough to be damned.

Walt Whitman has done his work. He has shown to the world that one may have the form and presence of a man, may possess an intellect whose scope and power entitle him to high place among the gifted ones of earth, and yet in those finer qualities which most intimately connect man with higher intelligences, be utterly wanting, and at the poor level of "the beasts that perish."

He has done this, and the world has now no further need of him. It accepts the revolting lesson, as it must, but it does not need the teacher longer. If Walt has left within him any charity, will he not now rid the taught and disgusted world of himself? Not by poison, or the rope, or pistol, or by any of the common modes of suicide, because some frail man, to whom life has become a grievous bur-

den, may at a later day be compelled to choose between death by the same means and a hateful life, and with the pride of noble manhood turn shuddering to live on, rather than admit so much of oneness as would be implied by going to death as did Walt Whitman. But let him search the coast of his island home until he finds some cove where the waves are accustomed to cast up the carrion committed to them, and where their bloated bodies ride lazily upon the waters which humanity never disturbs, and casting himself therein find at last the companionship for which, in death as in life, he is best fitted.

Let him do this act of reparation, and the world may kindly extend to him the charity of forgetfulness—the highest boon it now can bestow.

We do not endorse the above, because we have our doubts as to its justice; but give it to our readers as one of the prettiest specimens of critical *frankness* that we have lately seen. If all the new books were reviewed in that style, there probably would soon be a dearth of authors—or of critics.

"The World."—A new daily with this title has been started in New York—Mr. Alexander Cummings, recently of the Philadelphia Bulletin, an able business man, being chief manager. Its leading design is to "assert living Christianity in secular journalism more positively than has yet been done." This is a commendable idea, but we are afraid not, in practice, a very popular one. As a general thing, we imagine, it is now as it was formerly, that where you find "the world," you will be very apt to find "the flesh, and the devil."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Rosa Bonheur Again—A Luminary Crossing the Water—A Fortunate Exchange—Leaping Extraordinary—An Eccentric Performance—A Popular Ditty.

Paris, May 25, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

On seeing, in a late number of The Post, a paragraph stating that Rosa Bonheur was about to visit America, moved to that step by the munificent offers of some art-loving American, who was desirous of getting the prairies and buffalo of his native land immortalized by the brush of the renowned painter, I determined to go to her and ascertain, for the benefit of my readers across the water, what degree of truth there might be in this assertion copied from the columns of some contemporary into those of The Post. Being just then too busy to put my design in execution, I was compelled to defer my contemplated visit of inquiry; but having seen the statement in question copied into several English journals, accompanied, moreover, by a romantic supplement to the effect that this American art-lover had become so enamored of the fair painter that he had subsequently improved on his original offers by laying himself and "his large fortune" at her feet, and that the freedom-loving artist was about to confer on him her pretty little hand, the affair seemed to be growing serious, and accordingly, I resolved to go and see what was the real state of affairs in the famous *atelier* of the Rue d'Assas, without any further delay. This judicious resolve having been put in execution by your correspondent no later ago than yesterday afternoon, I beg to announce, to all whom it may concern, and with the formal authorization of Rosa Bonheur herself, that there is not one word of truth in these stories. She has not the slightest idea of crossing the ocean; and no American has ever tried to vanquish her rooted repugnance to the idea of a long sea voyage. Neither is her long-formed determination to avoid matrimony, in the least degree shaken at this time. "My work is my husband, and I shall never have any other," she declared to me, yesterday, with her pleasant laugh, "and you have my full permission to tell all your readers so, on either side of the Atlantic!"

Rosa dreads the absorptions of married life; the cares and distractions of housekeeping and of the family. "I don't like to say what may sound conceited," she one day remarked to me, "but there are plenty of women to manage homes and husbands, and to stock the world with babies; and though I would not claim that my work is better or more valuable than theirs, yet, as Heaven has thought fit to confide to my keeping a talent of another kind, to which the world attributes perhaps more value than it deserves, the least that I can do is to make the most I can of this talent, leaving others to serve the world in a different way. Were I a wife and mother, my painting would come to a stand-still; as it is, the demands of society, shut it out as I may, cripple me sadly, by wasting my time, and distracting my thoughts; and I have made the firm determination, which nothing will ever shake, not to allow of any engagement, or even of any interest that can take me off from my work."

Feeling that the constant demands made on her time by public curiosity, and even by private friendship, were seriously hindering her, Rosa, last autumn, suppressed the receptions which she had hitherto held in her beautiful studio on Friday afternoons; and all through the past winter has kept herself so close under her own roof that she has become almost invisible to all other eyes but those of her own household, goats, game-cocks, antelopes, ponies, ducks, and a whole kennel of dogs, included. Nor is this all. When I got to the Rue d'Assas, yesterday afternoon, I found her and her household, to my profound astonishment, in the full swing of a house-moving! Finding it impossible to keep out the armies of Philistines who are always taking her fortress by storm or by entreaty, she has determined on leaving Paris, and establishing herself and her *penates* in a house she has just purchased near Fontainebleau, where she is building an immense and magnificent *atelier*, and whither she is, at this present writing, busily engaged in transporting her pictures, her skins, her daggers, old hats, old brigands' costumes, carved furniture, models, and household-treasures.

Madame Micas and her artist daughter,—the devoted friends who have lived with Rosa for so many years, taking on themselves the whole responsibility of her outer existence—of course go with her to this new abode; for Rosa could not exist without them. Not only is she incapable of ordering a dinner, she is equally incapable of remembering that dinner is necessary; and if not reminded of this fact by a summons to table, would be capable of sitting at her easel until she died, brush in hand, of exhaustion, without comprehending the cause of the catastrophe! These friends keep her house, her servants, table, and wardrobe; do everything for her, in fact, that can possibly be done for one by others.

Not liking to trust the contents of her studio to any hands but their own, she and Mademoiselle Micas were hard at work—in the oldest of old garments, and with hands as grimy as stove-pipes—packing their precious things, and up to their eyes in cases, rags, hay, and the paper shavings which form so invaluable a stuffing for fragile objects about to be sent on their travels. It was sad to see this beautiful studio in such a state of confusion and desolation; but the friends of its owner, and of her genius, will hope that the new studio, which will be even finer, larger, and handsomer than this, may also be yet more propitious to her fame than this has been.

Another brilliant representative of feminine possibilities in the domain of Art, incontestibly, since the death of Rachel, the greatest actress of the day, Madame Ristori, is here again; reaping new laurels on the fields of her old success, making herself as popular in the *salons* of the gay capital as on the stage, but having produced no new *role* except the solitary one of "Elizabeta." After this week we shall not see her again for some time; she is going, as we now learn, to the United States, where a manager, whose name does not appear to have transpired, has offered her munificent terms for a six months' engagement. Prophecies on such matters are somewhat dangerous; yet I hardly feel it to be running much risk of being found mistaken, in predicting for this most excellent woman, and most accomplished actress, a far more cordial and brilliant success than fell to the lot of Rachel. The style of acting, the choice of parts, and the private character of Madame Ristori all appear to me to come, far more nearly than did those of Rachel, within the range of American sympathies; and I shall be much surprised if the reception she meets with across the water prove a whit less enthusiastic than that which she has excited in all the capitals of Europe.

While on the subject of the theatre, I may mention the appearance of a merry little gem which is just now attracting all Paris to the Opera Comique. It is entitled "The Coat of a Milord," the incident of the plot being the accidental exchange of clothes between a couple of travellers at an inn. One of these is an English political character, of great importance, in trouble from political complications; the other is a poor barber, whose difficulties are of a humbler character, viz.: impecuniosity and debt. By means of the happy accident aforesaid, both these travellers under difficulties effect their escape from their respective pursuers; the *grand seigneur* only too happy to be mistaken for a poor barber, and the man of the scissors and curling-tongs considering himself the most lucky of *coiffeurs* on discovering in the pockets of his grand embroidered vestments the pleasant mistake of a thousand golden guineas. The theatres of Paris having indulged of late in a good many platitudes, this merry little piece—full of charming songs, and delightfully got up—has created a *furore* of satisfaction among the opera-lovers of Paris.

Wonderful things are doing, too, at the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, just opened for the summer, though one would really think that performances of so violent a kind as those which make up the staple entertainment of a circus would be too much even for the public to contemplate in warm weather. At this circus, and its twin-brother on the Boulevard—one being open in winter, and the other in summer—there is always to be seen the latest wonder in the way of feats of agility and so forth. Just now, the good people of Paris are flocking thither in crowds to witness the marvellous flying leaps of a man named Leotard, whose performances on the swinging trapeze are universally admitted to exceed anything ever yet beheld in that line. The circus is circular, and of immense size. All across it is placed a springing-board at about one-third of the distance between the floor and the roof, supported by moveable trestles, and resting, at either end, on the backs of seats in one of the tiers. From the roof hang four horizontal bars, suspended by ropes, the two outer ones being nearly over the ends of the narrow path formed by the springing-board; the other two at equal distances between them. Leotard leaps up on this board, and advances to the end of it, where the first bar has been set swinging by an attendant. Seizing this rope by his hands, he swings with it until he nears the second bar, which the attendant has just swung towards him, and which he seizes in like manner at the instant when it has swung out at its farthest, so that he is borne on by its rebound towards bar the third, swung towards him in like manner, and so on to bar four, which lands him at the farther end of the springing-board. In other words, four of these astounding flying leaps, in which Leotard hangs entirely by his hands, carry him from one side of this enormous building to the other, up above the pit, and the heads of the gaping circle of spectators outside it. The mere crossing of this vast space, at such a height, and by such means, would be a feat to make one hold one's breath: but Leotard complicates this passage with the most astounding variations, now holding on by one arm, now by his feet, now by one foot only, turning somersets of the most intricate and audacious sort, and seeming as though he could live and move at pleasure in the air; and all this, horribly dangerous as it must be, and depending for success on the most exquisite timing of every one of his seemingly careless movements with the sway of the bars, is accomplished by him with an apparent ease and unconcern that you can hardly persuade yourself are, as of course they must be, as altogether artificial as the performance of his amazing feats themselves. While these are going forward, such is the hush with which the gazing crowd of spectators follows every movement, that the old saying about "hearing the drop of a pin" would be no exaggeration in describing it; and when the series of leaps, and turnings, and twistings is over, and Leotard leaps lightly from the board, and makes his smiling bow to the company, an irrepressible shout of relief and of admiration testifies how breathlessly every motion has been watched by them.

After Leotard's, comes another performance, almost as wonderful in its own way. Two brothers, English clowns, and who look like twins, so exceedingly alike are they, and dressed and painted to represent some fantastic, long-eared creature, half-puck, half-devil, that the most learned demonologist would find it hard to class, and so comical the mere sight of them sends the whole house in convulsions of laughter, perform on violins, executing their rapid, capricious *morceaux* while twisting, tumbling, climbing on one another's backs, leaping over one another's heads, rolling each other over on the floor of the pit, and enacting a sort of Christmas farce of the broadest, and most mirth-provoking description; sometimes playing on one another's instruments, holding their respective fiddles behind their backs, over their heads, under their feet, between their legs, tumbling, rolling, leaping, dancing with farcical conversations, imitations of cocks crowing, donkeys braying, hens clucking, dogs barking, cats mewing—one of the pair being solemn, poetic, and aspiring, the other doing the ninny, the simple, the whimpering—and the two fiddles going incessantly, and playing very well too, making altogether a tissue of comicalities such as the gravest could not possibly look at without imminent danger to his ribs.

While people are laughing inside the circus, at all these grotesque absurdities, the public outside are little less amused at the parody of the ancient and popular ditty of "Maurice and Jeannette," which M. Alexis Dales has just written on the affairs of Rome, to the immense scandal of all the Ultramontanes, and the intense delight of all the *gamins*, from one end of France to the other. The parody is exceedingly witty and droll, the capital point in it being the line of the chorus which asks, reproachfully, instead of

"Qu 'a-tu fait là, Maurice, hier?"

(What hast thou done there, Maurice, yesterday?) as in the original, winds up each stanza with

"Qu 'a-tu fait, Lamoricière?"

the sound of both lines being the same to the ear. No popular ditty has had such success for years; and the government, as yet, shows no sign of any intention to interfere with the general delight to hearers and singers of this very irreverent quizzing of the Don Quixote of the Papacy. QUANTUM.

"Over-Much" Horse.—It makes men imperious to sit a horse; no man governs his fellows so well as from this living throne. And so, from Marcus Aurelius in Roman bronze down to the "man on horseback" in General Cushing's prophetic speech, the saddle has always been the true seat of empire. The absolute tyranny of human will over a noble and powerful beast develops the instinct of personal prevalence and dominion; so that horse-subduer and hero were almost synonymous in simpler times, and are closely related still. An ancestry of wild riders naturally enough bequeathes also those other tendencies which we see in the Tartars, the Cossacks, and our own Indian Comanches—and as well, perhaps, in the old-fashioned fox-hunting squire as in any of these. Sharp alternations of violent action and self-indulgent repose; a hard run, and a long revel after it: this is what over-much horse tends to animalize a man into.—*The Professor in the Atlantic Monthly.*

Hung Him Over Again.—Rogers, the poet, used to tell a story of the "body of a malefactor, who was hanged in chains, disappearing in the night. Nearly a fortnight afterwards it was again dangling in the air, and looked as if fresh from the hands of the executioner. The man on the first occasion was not quite dead. A farmer and his son passing by heard his groans, took him home and nursed him. When he recovered they were awoke by a noise, and found their guest at his old trade—packing up every article of value in the house. They agreed that he would be better returned to the place from whence he came, and restrangling him they put him back into his iron case on the gibbet."

How many thoughts I give thee!
Come hither on the grass,
And if thou'lt count unfailing
The green blades as we pass:
Or the leaves that sigh and tremble
To the sweet wind of the west,
Or the ripples of the river,
Or the sunbeams on its breast,
I'll count the thoughts I give thee,
My beautiful, my best.

How many joys I owe thee!
Come sit where seas run high,
And count the hearing billows
That break on the shore and die—
Or the grains of sand they fondle,
When the storms are overblown,
Or the pearls in the deep-sea caverns,
Or the stars in the milky zone,
And I'll count the joys I owe thee,
My beautiful, my own.

—*Owen Meredith.*

☞ Every plain girl has one consolation: though not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.

☞ Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.—*Colton.*

☞ If you *defer* sowing a field till the seed-time is past, you have decided *against* sowing it.

☞ A Sneezing Fit.—Dr. Mosler, of Giessen, relates the case of a girl, who, suffering from an affection of the ear consequent upon an attack of typhoid fever, was suddenly seized with a sneezing fit which lasted for eighty hours. Reckoning ten sneezes per minute, he makes out that the girl must have sneezed 48,000 times—enough wasted energy to turn a small mill.

☞ It is a common phrase with the undiscriminating advocates for delay, that "The world is not yet *ripe* for such a measure." But they usually forget to inquire, "Is it *ripening*? When and how is it likely to *become* ripe?"—Are men's minds to ripen like winter pears, merely by laying them by and letting them alone?

☞ When the moon shines brightly, we are apt to say, "How beautiful is this *moon-light*!" but in the daytime, "How beautiful are the trees, the fields, the mountains!"—and, in short, all the *objects* that are illuminated; but we never speak of the *sun*, that makes them so. Just in the same way, the really greatest orator shines like the sun, making you think much of the *things* he is speaking of; the second-best shines like the moon, making you think much of *him* and his *eloquence*.

☞ Here is a reminiscence of former times, narrated by Col. B———: In ancient times—that is, some twenty years ago—shortly after the State House of Indianapolis was built, it was proposed that a thermometer should be got for the Hall, and at an expense not exceeding three dollars. This motion brought the distinguished member from ——— county to his feet, who eloquently inveighed against "spendin' the hard airnins of the people in that ar way; and besides, Mr. Speaker, if we had that *ther-thermomicron*, I don't believe thar's one who knows how to wind the cussed thing up."

☞ You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor.

☞ There are many (otherwise) sensible people, who seek to cure a young person of shyness by exhorting him not to be shy—telling him what an awkward appearance it has—and that it prevents his doing himself justice, etc. All which is manifestly pouring oil on the fire to quench it. For the very cause of shyness is an over-anxiety as to what people are thinking of you; a morbid attention to your own appearance.

☞ Japanese Never "Pocket a Blow."—They blow their noses on square pieces of soft paper, which are thrown away with once using. Our system of pocket-handkerchiefs is, to them, very uncleanly.

☞ Camphene is simply spirits of turpentine re-distilled.

☞ It is curious that a person of so exceptional a character, that no one would like to have had him for a *father*, may confer a kind of dignity on his great great-great-grandchildren.

Not Assassinated.—From a letter received in New York from Japan, dated Kanegawa, March 22d, it is very doubtful that either the Tycoon, or his Prime Minister was assassinated. The writer states that Mr. Harris, our consul, took breakfast with him on the 21st, that he was well, that all was quiet in Japan, and contains not a word relative to the assassination of the Emperor of any other high dignitary.

Since writing the above we have the following by the Overland Mail:—

Latest from Japan.—Kanagawa, April 2.—Prince Gotairo is not yet dead, and there is every hope of his recovery.

The following account is from a private letter dated at Siokahma, April 3d:

"About a week ago, Prince Gotairo, then on his way from his private dwelling to the palace, in Yeddo, with the usual guard of sixteen, was attacked by a party of eighteen. Six of the guard and four of the assailants were killed, and several on each side were wounded, including the Prince.

"The guard fought bravely. One of the assailants was fatally wounded, and a comrade, to prevent his detection, cut off his head and escaped with it through one of the gates. The Tycoon ordered the officer in charge of the gate to commit hari-kari, which he did.

"*It is thought by many that a revolution is impending, which, if successful, will cause the speedy expulsion or death of all foreigners.*

"The Government has taken extraordinary precautions to protect itself. Guard-houses have been established along the road to Jeddo, and the guards are armed with muskets. The building of fortifications are going forward to a great extent.

"Prince Gotairo was one of the most powerful men in the Empire, and rules thirty-five provinces."

Hungry Tigers.—The Singapore Free Press mentions the astonishing fact that since January, 1859, fifteen hundred Chinese have been carried off by tigers in Jahore, the end of the Malacca peninsula. The tigers show more than their usual cunning, and regularly feed on human flesh. They lurk close to the narrow jungle paths, and spring out from behind on the unfortunate passer-by. The Chinese have immigrated into the peninsula in large numbers, and have entirely monopolized the cultivation of gambier and black pepper. The refuse leaves of the gambier (terra japonica) are used as manure for the pepper plant. It is now difficult to induce coolies to work in Jahore, so great is the danger. At the present rate of deaths the cultivation must decline. The quantity of gambier imported into England annually, chiefly for dying purposes, is 6,000 tons.

The Tariff.—The new Tariff Bill has been postponed until next December, in the Senate, by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Bayard, Bragg, Chesnut, Davis, Fitzpatrick, Green, Gwin, Hemphill, Hunter, Johnson (Ark.), Johnson (Tenn.), Lane, Mallory, Pearce, Polk, Pavell, Pugh, Rice, Saulsbury, Slidell, Sebastian, Toombs, Wigfall and Yulee—25.

Nays.—Messrs. Anthony, Bigler, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Fort, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, King, Latham, Seward, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkins and Wilson—23.

There were several paired off.

Female Doctors.—At the recent annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Medical Society, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Society that members of the regular profession cannot, consistently with sound medical ethics, consult or hold professional intercourse with the professors or graduates of Female Medical Colleges, as at present constituted, inasmuch as some of their professors are irregular practitioners, and all of those colleges are ineligible to representation in the American Medical Association.

Professional intercourse with homœpathic doctors was also censured.

Salting Meat.—A French professor denounces the use of saltpetre in brine intended for the preservation of flesh for food. That part of the saltpetre which is absorbed by the meat, he says, is nitric acid—a deadly poison. He ascribes to this chemical change all the diseases which are common to mariners and others, who subsist principally upon salted meat—such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, ulcers, etc., and advises a total abandonment of saltpetre in pickle for beef, etc.

The N. Y. Chronicle says that a young girl, 18 years of age, was struck blind on the 31st ult., in the city of Baltimore, under singular and awe-inspiring circumstances. She had been accused by her aunt of falsehood, which she positively denied, calling upon God to strike her blind if she was not telling the truth. In a moment after, a film began to gather over her eyes, destroying the sight, and leading her to confess her guilt.

THE THREE WIVES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On a bright, sunshiny morning in the early summer, about two hours before noon, a young man and a serving maiden, both faithful domestics of the family in whose household they had been brought up, were with great care laying the breakfast-table of their young master and mistress, lately married. It was evidently a labor of love with both of them; for, had not Miss Emma herself taught Bettina to read and write, while both teacher and taught were but children? and had not the old squire, Miss Emma's father, taken Hal, when left an orphan, into his house, and made him a first-rate serving-man? and were not he and Bettina (now betrothed) the trusty and loving servants of their young mistress and her bridegroom? So it was in every sense a labor of love, as was evident by the affectionate looks exchanged by the two servers, and the playful skirmish of words that passed between them. And they are arranging the table with more than usual care; for the old squire and his wife are coming to breakfast with their son and-daughter for the first time since the marriage of the latter.

At length the preparations are completed: Hal's eyes scan the table up and down and across with the keen gaze of a major-dome, and stops his tender and lively conversation with his companion with the words "Very good; the table is set."

Bettina, in her turn, gave a glance of approval, and confirmed it with the single word, "Yes!"

"That is not enough," objected Hal: "you must say as I did, Bettina, 'Very good; the table is set.'"

"What for?" asked the astonished maiden.

"It is a custom in my part of the country," returned Hal, "when one has completed any appointed task, to say, by way of thanksgiving, 'Very good,' or 'It is well, such or such a business is done,' or 'Such an adventure has come to a happy end.'"

Bettina, however, in the levity of her heart, would not be persuaded that there was anything but absurdity in uttering such words, as applied to the transactions of every day.—Hal entreated her, for his sake at least, to say them. "No"—because he wished it—"no;" and I am sorry to say that the young man took his Bettina urgently by the wrist, squeezing it with a most rough pressure, in the endeavor to force her to comply, till she broke away in petulant anger, and, stamping her foot, declared that "all was over between them!"

As she rushed out of Hal's presence, that worthy gave utterance to the following sentiment:

"Caprice, thy name is Woman! Entreaties, tears, force, all have been in vain! I might have beaten her to a jelly, but she would not yield!"

"Do not spoil Bettina's figure thus," said a voice, as the opposite door opened, "and let her live to change her mind!"

So saying, the young squire, Alfred, entered the room, laughing heartily at the recollection of what he had overheard while writing in his *study, which joined the parlor; for the young couple, in the heat of their argument, had* raised their voices higher than was prudent.—Hal's confusion may be better imagined than described; but his young master condescended to comfort him, and then gave directions for the bottle of claret, which must be put on the table, as his father-in-law liked that accompaniment to his *dejeuner*.

As Hal left the room to visit the cellar, the young bride Emma entered, and before long her husband recounted to her, with much merriment, the conversation he had heard between their two servants.

"Bettina refused and Hal insisted, till at last they got into a regular quarrel; he tried to force her to say the words, but to the last she would not."

"And quite right!" was the unexpected reply from the lovely bride; "one might ask which was the most obstinate of the two!"

"Only," said the husband, "he requested her to say it."

"But it was an absurd request."

"Think you it was worth while to persist in an obstinate refusal of such a trifle?" asked the husband.

"Just as little was it worth while for him to persist in the request. I do not consider Bettina to blame," returned the lady, with a little warmth of manner, her foot impatiently tapping the footstool it rested on as she sat at her work.

"Well," said the young squire, "do not let us quarrel about it; if I were to ask you to say anything, you would say it; I am convinced you would."

"And suppose I would not?" asked the wife, in return, after a little laughing hesitation.

"The case is not possible; let us put it to the proof," said Alfred.

"No, no," exclaimed Emma, eagerly, "pray do not!"

"I beg you, Emma, just say once, to please me, 'Very good, the table is set.'"

But alas! the consequences of this simple request became even more serious than in the case already described; for it is well known that, when highly educated and polished members of society condescend to quarrel, their words are no less cutting, and the wounds inflicted no less grievous, than those which are exchanged between disputants of a lower grade. So, in this case, the wife insisted upon the folly of the request, and the husband declared that it was not now a matter of folly or wisdom, but a test of her affection for him. But she would not yield.

And now the loving bride sat working with unnecessary diligence, her face turned away from her husband, while the fond Alfred seized a newspaper—that refuge for perplexed husbands; but, after a few moments, he glanced over it at his wife, who refused to meet his eye; then, clearing his throat, and advancing a step or two he said,

"Have you thought better of it, my Emma? will you give over this perverseness?"

Emma threw down her work in a passion.

"How! perverseness! You know I cannot endure that word; and I am not perverse; but it is you who are so in this matter, to insist so obstinately on this piece of folly."

"But, Emma, understand me," said Alfred; "it is not that the thing of itself is of any importance, except to show me that we cannot refuse anything I ask you; I cannot bear the thought that you can say 'no' to any request of mine!"

"Soh! I am never to say 'no' to you," returned the now excited wife, "always 'yes, yes, yes.' Ah! all men are alike: you do not want a loving companion, a sympathising friend; you require that a wife should be a slave. And thus the subjugation is to begin with an act of blind obedience; but I will never be a slave, not I! I will never yield my rights either to threats or to brute force."

"'And he shall be thy ruler,' where is that said?" interposed the husband very gently.

"I am right then!" cried Emma; "you would be the ruler, and I am to be the slave; you are to command and I to obey. Oh, I acknowledge your rule in all fitting things, but never when your commands are unreasonable."

"These are grave expressions to apply to a mere joke—"

"Oh!" interrupted Emma, now fairly in tears, "you have made bitter earnest out of it!"

What could the husband do? This was probably the first time that his bride had called tears to her aid in an argument with him. He could only hasten to her side and entreat her not to weep; but the reply was,

"I cannot help it; you force these tears from me!"

"What a monster have I suddenly become! Poor miserable woman, that destiny should have linked you to such an inhuman wretch!"

This piece of irony made matters worse.

"That is right," said the insulted wife; "now add scorn to your cruelty; who would have guessed this but an hour ago? I who was so light-hearted and thought myself so happy—but now—"

"But now," continued Alfred, finishing the sentence for her, "there is no wife to be found so unhappy as yourself."

Emma's tears flowed on, until her husband became uneasy on another account than the mere dislike to witness her suffering; he began to say to himself: "What will the old people think? and they will be here immediately. Emma, wife, darling, come, let us be friends: it is foolish thus to spoil so lovely a morning."

This address succeeded in inducing the lovely weeper to withdraw the handkerchief from her face, and softly to ask,

"Do you think so? then why were you so hard upon me?"

"Well, now you see, I come to you to sue for peace," pleaded Alfred; and taking his wife in his arms he whispered, "Now you will say those few words for love of me?"

Poor husband! never was he more mistaken than in supposing his gentle wife had yielded; for she tore herself from his embrace, more angry than ever, with the words,

"What, even now? still you ask this? you would begin the quarrel again?"

"I have come to you, dear wife, to soften you with kind words when you were angry; now it is for you to yield something."

Emma seemed to struggle with herself; she *longed to be at peace with her husband, whom she fondly loved; she had only to whisper the* words he asked her for, and all would be right between them; but pride came to the rescue. What! after all her determination, should she yield at last? So she wound up all her powers of resistance into one firm resolute,

"No! once for all, no!"

Then the aggrieved husband broke out into the following speech:

"It is enough, then; you know that it would please me that you should do this, and you will not do it. My request may be foolish; nevertheless, it is my request, and you will not fulfil it. It may be a caprice on my part, but your love should accommodate itself to my caprice. The words are nothing, but the *proof of your affection is much, and that proof* you will not give me. I have entreated, reasoned, commanded, tried every mode, but in vain; and you profess to love me, you who cannot in one little instance conquer a caprice, not even to show a kindness to your husband! Never say again that you love me!"

This compendium of accusations was uttered while the speaker was pacing up and down the pretty parlor in a very excited state, and elicited from the accused, who leaned with her arms on the table, as if for support under her unwonted trials, the following reply:

"What right have you to accuse me of perverseness or caprice? You acknowledge that it is a folly to ask me to say those words, and yet you persist. It would degrade me knowingly to commit a folly, and yet you ask me thus deliberately to degrade myself. Is this love? And then you see that your conduct pains me;" here the tears flowed plentifully again; "yet you continue cold and unmoved. On whose side, then, is the perverseness? where is the lack of affection?"

How much more might have been said on either side it is impossible to tell, for at that moment Hal respectfully announced the approach of the expected visitors. Alfred whispered to his wife a caution not to let her parents see that she had been agitated, and she replied, "I don't care; they may know all; I am not to blame;" and in this consciousness of injured innocence, Emma followed her husband to greet the beloved guests at the door.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said: "She is one mutton as is small!"

☞ Johnny, how many seasons are there?" "Six: spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera seasons, and 'Thompson's Seasons.'"

☞ A jest in the editorial columns of a respectable English journal would shock the entire nation!—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ Pigs are supposed to reason according to the *Bacon*ian method. But their conclusions are all *gammon*.

☞ A boarding-house keeper advertises "Board for two gentlemen with gas."

☞ The man who is "ahead of his age," must have been "born before his time."

HAROLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

When the moon comes out o' summer nights,
And silvers the clouds and the earth below,
I think of the time when Harold and I
Parted in anger long ago;
With the fire of jealousy at our hearts,
With cruel words, and despair, and pain,
Each loving the other better than life,
We parted and never have met again!

Under the smile of a summer moon,
In the low-lying meadow smoothly mown,
And by the low boughs of a drooping tree
We stood in the shadow all alone;
The dew-dampened wind came over the sea,
Stirring the flowers asleep at our feet,
And skipping the top of the briery hedge,
Ran in light waves o'er the ripening wheat.

I think of my first love looking now
At the fair-haired boy upon my knee—
For Harold's eyes were as black as the night,
And my darling's blue as the summer sea—
And of my husband who never has known
How Harold and I with anger and pain,
Each loving the other better than life,
Parted and never have met again.

A score of years, with their smiles and tears,
Have gone to the dreamy past since then,
And led my feet into happier ways,
But I often think of "what might have been,"
And how the loom of our destiny weaves
The changing thread of our lives! Ah me,
How little our trusting hearts may dream
What the finished pattern will prove to be!

New Brighton, Pa.

THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

TROUBLE AT THE EVERGLADES.

At last the splendid mansion at the Everglades was reached. Dismissing his men, and retaining only his own confidential servant, he hurried on to see his friends. The first object that met his eye as he entered the noble avenue of Wallaba trees, leading to the front of the mansion, was Manuel, standing near one of the fountains—his hands clasped—his hair grown long, and flung wildly over his head—his eyes strained and blood-shot—his forehead full of swelling veins—his whole appearance haggard in the extreme. Curses seemed hovering on his lips, which ever and anon he pressed together with a force that drove the blood far from their surface. The coming step roused him. He almost sprang from his feet as he met the eye of Professor Vance—the blood rushed over his face, and it was only with the strongest effort that he controlled himself sufficiently to bid him a hoarse welcome. Overcoming the sudden horror which asserted itself the moment his glance rested upon the murderer—as he could not but think him—the professor spoke.

"You look ill," he said, coldly.

"Ill! I *am* ill; there's a fever in my blood. You didn't know the fever was here, perhaps—ha! ha!"

The laugh was hoarse and unnatural.

"The fever! what fever?" exclaimed the professor, aghast.

"Why, the colony fever; the yellow fever, if you will. Mr. St. Lemoine is down with it—but he's better. M. Bernard lies at death's door—can't get well, the doctor says. Miss Della—" here he gasped—"she had it, but she's down stairs now. Rose is dead—Kian, the old woman, is dead—the other servants are better, but they've all had it."

There was a nervous twitching of the muscles of the face as he said this, nor did he once look up.

"Well—and is the fever epidemic? Have they had it on the other plantations near—or in the city?—or—" and he spoke with emphasis—"is it confined to this particular family—to this particular locality?"

"It—it—it is only here, I believe, at present," said Manuel, unprepared for this cool questioning.

"And not the season for fevers, either," replied the professor, gravely. "There must be something wrong, I think,"—here he gazed keenly at the Dane, and spoke with stronger emphasis—"something wrong—some *poisonous* quality perhaps, in the water, food or fruit. I must bring my instruments into requisition. I must analyse everything, as I shall suspect everything. In these southern countries vegetable poisons sometimes accumulate where we little think, and getting mixed with the culinary apparatus, derange health and bring on death. If I were the physician, I should recommend that not a particle of food, fruit, wine nor water be touched that comes from this place or through the servants' hands. I'm a bit of a doctor myself, and perhaps with God's help may arrest the distemper, *whatever it is!*"

During this emphatic speech, Manuel had stood transfixed—white as a corpse, his eyes dilated, either with pain or terror—his hands unclasped, and hanging nervelessly at his side. The professor moved on hurriedly to the house, his soul in a tumult to which his strongest emotions had ever before been but a light breath of air. Everything about the premises wore the appearance of neglect and desertion. Passing in, the first person he saw was Della, moving languidly around, intent upon some little domestic occupation. He had time to observe her before she turned.—Her dress was a white wrapper, but its delicate texture was but a shade more pallid than her face, which was entirely bloodless. The dark eyes seemed unnaturally large, and their orbs were of that shining brightness that marks the first stages of mania. Her hair—that never seemed so abundant before—was looped here and there, as if the weakness or weariness of the wearer forbade any extended care at the toilet, and her hands were extremely attenuated. Suddenly, seeing a figure in a glass, Della turned, uttered a short cry, and as the professor came hastily towards her, she sank with a faint movement into his arms. It was not long before she recovered herself, however, and apologizing, stood alone—a slight tinge of crimson surging to her cheeks, but flittingly, for it was gone in a moment.

THE DANE ACCUSED OF MURDER.

"Oh! Mr. Vance," she exclaimed, in weak tones, "you have come to a sorrowful house."

"I see you are in trouble—but let me lead you to a seat. There, you can talk now. How long has this state of things been, Miss Della! and how is your father?"

"Father is better," replied Della, her beautiful eyes moistened with tears, her pale lip trembling—"it is thought that he will recover—but—poor M. Bernard!"

Her lip quivered again—large tears rolled down her colorless cheeks.

"You are not able to be up, I fear," said the professor, soothingly, taking her hand, which yet felt damp and cold.

"Oh, yes—I am very well, to what the rest are—besides, papa often needs me, though he has a good nurse. Poor Rose—and poor old Kian! they are gone—that makes it rather hard for me—for you see we can get no one to take their places, they are all so fearful of the fever."

"Have you no servants?"

"Only two or three who are getting well—but they are very feeble. Does the fever always leave the system so thoroughly exhausted? it is terrible!" she shuddered from head to foot.

"How long have you been afflicted with this sickness?" asked the professor.

"We were all well ten days ago—that is, comparatively so. Papa, as usual, was ailing a little. You may judge how suddenly the disorder came on. There stand three cases of jewels, just as I left them on that night. M. Bernard had ordered them for me, poor man, and as I was looking at them, I turned giddy and fell. I remember nothing after that for days. All the household was taken in a similar way—first father, then Manuel, then M. Bernard—then the servants. The doctor pronounced it a virulent attack of yellow fever."

"What had you been eating or drinking previous to this attack?" asked the professor.

"Nothing different from our *ordinary diet*," replied Della. "At first we thought it was poison, but the doctor said some infection must have been introduced among the articles that had just been transported from Jamaica where the fever is raging. That seemed to account for it."

"Well, Miss Della, allow me at any rate to be *your* physician for a little while. Your pulse is very low—you must have more strength than this if you wish to keep out of your bed. I have studied medicine to some advantage, and if you follow my directions closely, I will promise you a speedy recovery."

"There can be no harm in that," said Della, smiling faintly, "since the doctor only orders me tonics, and hardly considers me a patient."

"Very well. In the first place, then, you must not see this man you call Manuel, if possible, at all, while you are recovering."

Della's eyes grew wider and brighter.

"Touch nothing that he presents *you*," continued the professor; "I have the best of reasons for requiring this—I, myself, will prepare all your food—I will act in the capacity of water-bearer, or wine-bearer—but neither water, wine, nor food that is obtained at the Everglades, must you on any account touch."

"Oh! sir, you would not insinuate," she articulated slowly, then paused.

"I would insinuate nothing; but I would declare in plain terms my belief that this sickness has been no fever at all, but, simply, a case of poisoning—*intentional* poisoning," he repeated in a very low voice, looking straight at Della.

"That is too horrible!" she exclaimed, her whole frame relaxing as if the very thought made her strengthless.

"Yet, awful as it seems—it is not the worst—not the worst of the bad business," muttered the professor, rising, himself overcome at the thoughts that crowded on his mind.

"Oh! poor, poor M. Bernard!" sobbed Della; "if you could but save *him!*"

"I will see him; where is he?" asked the professor.

"In the chamber next to papa—stay, I will go with you," said Della, drying her tears, and attempting to rise.

"Not unless you allow me to support you," said the professor, firmly but gently placing his arm about her slender form. And you must on no account come down stairs again till I allow you," he added, playfully. "I will myself be your nurse, physician, maid—whatever you require. When my mother was ill in Florida, and all the servants were taken down with the fever—when the nurses were called to the hospitals, or to the residents, I cared for her, through the whole sickness, and she paid me the compliment of saying that she was never nursed half so well. My servant will be here presently, and I can easily engage help by going for it myself."

"There is the chamber," said Della, pointing to where long lace curtains looped at the entrance swayed gently to and fro.

"Very well; now allow me to assist you to your own. And let me further beg of you to touch nothing in the way of refreshments till I bring them to you, or your life may pay the forfeit."

Having seen her quietly resting, the professor entered the room of M. Bernard. It was a large, cool apartment, the splendor of whose furnishing shone darkly brilliant in the twilight made by closed blinds, and shades dispersed here and there. A portly nurse sat on one side of the bed, her eyes intent on the patient, and an attenuated, sickly yellow-boy on the other, waved a large fan languidly. M. Bernard was just living. He smiled as he met the kind face of Professor Vance—pressed his hand warmly, and whispered—

"I am going, Vance—see to *her*," he added, with emphasis. "Oh! Vance—she was to have been my wife to-day."

His lips trembled, and sadly he turned his face to the wall.

In a moment after he said—

"I have made my will; she inherits all—the same as if—" he could not finish the sentence. Intense emotion prevented.

Seeing that he could do him no good, Professor Vance, after a few kind words, moved slowly from the room, and entered that of Mr. St. Lemoine. He lay extended on a lounge, robed in a silken dressing gown. His face was pallid, but touched with the hue of returning strength. A book rested upon a low stand beside him—a chased vial stood near, and a delicate wine-glass in which was a silver spoon. He was both astonished and delighted to see the professor, and clutched at his hands, drawing him toward him as if he were indeed welcome.

"Well, Vance, you find us in a pretty situation," he said, with a sigh. "Misfortune after misfortune, and of the direst kind. I almost begin to believe with poor old Kian that this infernal place is accursed. She declared from the first day she set her foot here that we should have no kind of peace or comfort, and it's a fact that I've enjoyed neither except by jerks. How glad I am to see you. But this is a sorry welcome—and you will be glad to get out of it, I expect."

"Don't say a word; I'm thankful to find some of you alive," said the professor, "and as to the rest, I'm going to make myself useful—have already instituted myself doctor, nurse and maid to Della—and—"

"Where is the child?" cried Mr. St. Lemoine, starting up—"I declare! I had entirely forgotten—and she was with me but a moment ago. My memory is left dreadfully treacherous, Vance," he said, mournfully.

"Another symptom," muttered the professor to himself. "Della is safe in her own chamber," he said, aloud—"I sent her there—and this afternoon shall engage a maid for her."

"You know how it is with poor M. Bernard, I suppose," said Mr. St. Lemoine.

"Yes, I saw him but now; he will probably die before night."

"It was all arranged—the wedding," murmured Mr. St. Lemoine, "they were to have been married to-day. Poor fellow! What a splendid husband he would have made her! and I think the child was attached to him."

"Is your physician quite sure that this attack was fever?" asked the professor.

"Quite; what else could it be?"

"Poison," said the professor.

"Poison!" the sick man's face grew ghastlier. "Poison! who would poison us?"

"No matter for that, now—and be quite calm," said the other. "I only tell you my suspicions that I may insure your scrupulous obedience to my wishes, nay, my commands. I have already laid them upon Della, and now that I am here it is doubly necessary that you should both be careful. I will explain myself more fully hereafter. All I ask of you, is not to touch a particle of food or liquid that is not brought to you by my own servant. Have you sufficient confidence in me to promise this?"

"Most certainly I have," replied Mr. St. Lemoine, with a wondering look.

"Very well—you will find yourself a well man in less than a week; that I promise you."

"You must suspect some one; is it Manuel?" inquired Mr. St. Lemoine.

The abruptness of the question startled the professor.

"His actions have been so very singular for the last few months! By heaven, if I found he had been tampering with any of our lives, I'd hang him up without judge or jury!"

"Be silent—be silent," exclaimed the other, hurrying to the door and looking out. Then returning, he said,

"I confess I am very much afraid of that man;" and cautiously he unfolded the plot of Della's abduction.

Mr. St. Lemoine was motionless with horror.

"To think," he exclaimed, "I have been nourishing a viper to strike me!"

"But we must proceed with the utmost caution," said the professor, "and if you will leave him to me, I think I can convict him. Be certain that everything that can be done shall be done. Meanwhile, I hope to see you well very shortly; and for fear that I am wearying you beyond your strength, I will leave you now."

CHAPTER XV.

THE DANE ACCUSED OF MURDER. MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE. THE WARNING.

M. Bernard had been buried a week. Professor Vance still adhered to his determination to have nothing cooked in the house that was procured on the plantation. Mr. St. Lemoine and his daughter were convalescing rapidly; but Manuel avoided the professor; grew silent and morose, looking at him often askance, his countenance filled with bitter emotions. But Professor Vance being constantly on his guard, watched the Dane as narrowly as he was watched. He knew that Manuel having gone so far, and become almost a monomaniac, would scruple at nothing that promised the consummation of his diabolical plans.

Sometimes he conversed with the Dane.

One day they talked of the Indians, their haunts, and their customs.

"And, by the way," he said, carelessly, "I was taken once for you, by an Indian, who muttered incoherently about a hundred dollars; I wonder what the fellow meant?"

Manuel labored as if for breath, and his face took on an ashy hue. He tried, however, to laugh off his confusion, but did not succeed.

"I suppose you have seen their celebrated wourali poison," the professor added, mercilessly.

The Dane shook, either with suppressed passion or terror.

"It is wonderful! Did you ever have an opportunity of witnessing its effects? By the way, when I purchased some, another coincidence happened. The Indian, a Macoushi, I believe, a horribly repulsive looking wretch, persisted that I bought a box of him, seven moons ago, and paid him ten dollars. I protested that he had never seen me, and of course the thing was impossible, for I have never been in these colonies before."

All this time Manuel had been growing whiter. He appeared as if struck with a sudden palsy, for he neither moved nor spoke.

"As I evinced considerable interest," added the professor, his eye now sternly fastened upon the guilty man, "he showed me these."

He opened a case inclosing the deadly instruments. The Dane's eyes started out—his lips worked convulsively—while his face was covered with a fine perspiration.

"From all of which, I judge," he continued, "that he considered me some desperate character, who had once had dealings with him. I let him think as he pleased, of course, and he explained to me how scientifically—and surely—a man—might be shot—*perhaps—in the—neck.*"

The professor sprang backward. The Dane made a desperate lunge at him—but his arm stiffened, froth came out of his mouth, and he fell in a fit to the floor.

Calling the servants, Professor Vance, his suspicions now made certainties, had the insensible body taken to a room, securely guarded, and confined by locks and bolts. As soon as this was done, the Dane's chamber was searched. If evidence had been wanting, it was now supplied. As reckless in his experiments as he had been cruel, Manuel had taken but little precaution to secure his infernal machinery. There were found the most subtle poisons, leaves of rosemary, and deadly plants upon which he had experimented perhaps for months—boxes of wourali, of different strength—phials of pungent odors, all of which were immediately buried in a safe place till they could be tested by science.

"Give me my pistols; let me shoot the wretch," cried Mr. St. Lemoine, driven almost to frenzy at the sight; "he deserves not to live another moment."

"You would then be the base thing that he is," said the professor, calming him with difficulty.

"Yes, but, oh! God! why has he been allowed to crawl upon this earth? Poor Warren!—good heavens—that handsome, honorable gentleman! Remember how full of life and spirits he was! how beloved at home and abroad! I brought him to his death; the hospitality of my house tempted him here. Oh, what a weight of woe! How shall I forgive myself that I harbored so horrible a wretch! Poor M. Bernard! the thought drives me distracted. Had it been me, in my old age, with sluggish blood and few wants—but to kill so fine a creature! and for no crime but that of loving my child—oh! oh! I shall go mad! Think too, of Rose—the good, honest, faithful girl, struck down in the bloom of her youth; and poor, old decrepid Kian, she would have lived but a little while at the longest—how could he cut short her poor life?"

It was a difficult matter to keep him from taking revenge into his own hands, but the entreaties of the physician, and the gently stern remonstrances of Professor Vance prevailed. Meanwhile, the dreadful news spread with lightning-like rapidity. All Georgetown was astir, and faces grew paler as the story flew. The Governor sent a guard to the house on the following day, under which Manuel was to be conducted to the prison.

Then came the strangest part of the entire proceedings. The men who had been placed over the culprit, were found wonder-stricken in the morning, staring at blank walls and at each other. Manuel was no where to be seen.—Every part of the room was found to be secure. No mortal could leap from the windows and live, for they were on the side of the house overhanging an abrupt descent full twenty feet to the bottom. From the base of the house, the windows measured nearly fifty. A jump of seventy feet would have insured broken limbs or a fractured neck. The men averred that they had slept, for the prisoner was pinioned and without arms; besides, the door was fastened from the hall, and there was evidence that no violence had been used. One of the men missed his two pistols—both declared that Manuel was the devil, and they would stay there no longer. It was certainly a most mysterious business—something that could by no reasoning be accounted for, and the inmates of the Everglades were awe-struck, some of them infuriated. The whole house was set in motion; men hastened in every direction, and searched all day, but in vain. Della had not the least curious item to add. She had been wakened by a touch on her brow—it seemed, she added, blushingly, like a kiss. For a second she saw a dim figure moving by the side of her bed; then it was gone. Afterward, when more fully awake, she had called her maid—they together struck a light and examined the room. The box containing the miniature, they found on the floor—the miniature was gone, the door unlocked, and she was very certain it had been fastened when she retired for the night.

"When will these wonders cease!" cried Mr. St. Lemoine, distractedly. "The villain has possessed himself of some witchcraft! how could he enter my child's room from the place where he was secured? I will search for him day and night!"

But the search, though carried on vigilantly, proved unavailing; consequently the inmates of the Everglades were in constant fear. Suppose he had sworn to kill them all! How could they escape his vengeance, if he possessed such valuable but deadly resources, and he invisible!

But gradually the impression of fear, of danger, wore away. If any further violence was done, the whole colony to a man would be roused. Blood-hounds could be procured from abroad to hunt the murderer down; and he was probably too well aware of this, provided he was disguised, and in any part of the vicinity.

Time passed on.

Della recovered her health and her beauty. Under the care of Professor Vance, whom she learned to love as she had never loved before, she became almost a new being. Here her heart had found rest. She looked up to him as to a sort of divinity. His chivalric bearing, his uncommon beauty and various accomplishments were, in her eyes, the least of his charms; it was his noble, generous heart she loved; intuitively she felt that his character was unstained. Still she dreaded the question that she knew would come. It was hardly to be wondered at that a nervous apprehension seized her whenever the thought obtruded itself. Misfortune, swift and terrible, had fallen upon every one who had sought her hand. True, Manuel, to all appearance, had left them forever, but the old superstition nursed by the garrulous tongue of poor Kian, fostered in her youth by the gloom and misery by which she had been surrounded, asserted itself continually, and when at last the young professor declared his love, and claimed her hand, her great happiness was not without alloy. She told him her fears, that blended strangely with her joyous words, her beaming smiles.

"Trouble yourself no more, my darling," said Professor Vance, "that ghost is laid, I hope, forever. It is my firm conviction that the wretched Manuel has taken his own life. If he yet lives, then he is too fond of a guilty, heaven cursed existence, to run the risk of losing it. Besides, your father is heartily sick of the Everglades, he confesses to me, and has for some time been endeavoring to sell it, but as yet can find no purchaser. He has decided to go to America with us, that beautiful land where you shall be so happy! Trust in God, my darling! the darkness of your day is being touched by dawn. I will be your good genius!"

With such pleasant words he beguiled her from her grief, and preparations on a magnificent scale were made for the wedding. Mr. St. Lemoine took almost a childish delight in ordering hampers, flowers, jewels, pastry, and beautiful ornaments for every department of the dwelling. The room in which the ceremony was to take place was to be dressed with white roses of every known variety.

An arch composed entirely of camelia-buds and blossoms, was arranged for the bride and groom. Most magnificent were the bridal appointments. Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. A thousand cards were sent out. Pavilions were erected on the grounds, as it was not possible for the house to contain so many guests—tents were built, under which tables, splendidly laid, gave promise of abundant refreshments at all hours. The trees were hung with colored lamps, and festooned with flowers; everything was conducted on the same scale of almost regal expenditure.

The professor had arranged with the captain of a large Danish built brig, then in port, and which the master—who owned her—had fitted up with sumptuous accommodations, to charter the vessel for himself and his company, paying a price that would indemnify the captain for the loss of a cargo.

They did not intend to carry anything away with them, save articles of need and great value, such as jewels and family memorials, for Della's fortune was immense, and Mr. St. Lemoine was a very wealthy man.

The mansion was left in care of an experienced housekeeper, who, with her father, a man shrewd, intelligent and honest, were to take entire charge of Mr. St. Lemoine's property until the latter saw fit to return.

Thus all things seemed to insure a pleasant wedding and a prosperous voyage. The eventful night came—one of the brightest and most beautiful of that balmy clime. The house was illuminated from base to roof; the gardens were lighted; tapers glittered in and out of the thick foliage, and hours before the time appointed for the ceremony, carriages were arriving and being led away to the stables by a multitude of grooms. It resembled the reception night of royalty—beauty, music, mirth, profusion and almost oriental splendor.

Never looked bride more peerlessly beautiful! With her own fair hands, Lady Alice, the wife of the Governor, arranged her bridal drapery, to whose exceeding richness no pen could do justice. Radiant and blushing, the sweet Della stood beside the no less splendid bridegroom; and the solemn ceremony was concluded amidst a silence that seemed doubly impressive as it had fallen on a throng so great.

Then came bursts of exhilarating music from the immense band, and varied amusements were begun, that would end only with the morning dawn.

Two hours of uninterrupted gaiety had passed, when Professor Vance was called aside by the master of ceremonies, who wished his advice upon some important measure. As he hurried back, intent upon gaining the blissful presence of his bride, Lady Alice Wooden met him, her appearance agitated, an unusual state for her.

"Mr. Vance," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "the bride seems quite indisposed, from sudden terror, and she will not tell us what it is. Hurry to her—I am alarmed; she is in the little room adjoining the drawing rooms."

Another moment and Della had thrown her arms around his neck, and with hysterical sobs, and inarticulate murmurs, she lay upon his bosom, while he, almost unnerved, implored her to confide in him.

"It *was* you," she cried, standing off and searching his every feature; "only say it was you!—but, oh! how could you! it might drive my reason quite away."

"Della, my love, my wife—what does this manner, what does this accusation mean?"

"Only tell me it was you!" she cried again, a frantic passion in her voice; "come with me." She led him to the veranda—shrinkingly, timidly glancing about her. "I stood there," she said, in a low, scared tone, pointing near where a small rug of bird-of-paradise-feathers was placed at the foot of a chair draped with white lace and satin. "On looking at yonder aperture, formed by those grape tendrils you trained,"—her voice took on a frighted whisper—"I saw *his* face—yours—Manuel's! Oh! in pity tell me—which was it?" and, white with terror, she sank again half fainting on his shoulder.

The strong man shuddered from head to foot. For one instant—and but for one—a searching dread penetrated his soul.

Was he to lose her yet? Or must his own life pay the forfeit of his new, wild happiness?

He had not been near the veranda since he had left her there; and if it were indeed the fearful Dane, whose life seemed charmed, what security had he against his secret shafts! There was only one way to do; the grounds must be searched; and for the sake of his young wife, a body-guard must be formed immediately, and men stationed at every door to watch narrowly whoever entered. These precautions were taken. The professor remained in one apartment, with his young wife, who, now that her apprehensions were so terribly roused, would not suffer him to leave her side.

Thus passed the night. The hurried search brought no secret to light, and the professor persuaded himself that Della's imagination, wrought upon by so many melancholy incidents, had presented to her the face of Manuel. He did not strive to convince her of this, however; he saw that she was too firmly impressed.

Farewells were exchanged—the great company had left the Everglades, the wind was fair and the handsome brig, ready for sea. Everything they needed had been carried aboard the three days previous, and Vance bore the most precious freight of all—his living, loving bride.

"Now I am content," cried Della, with a hysterical laugh, as hanging on her husband's arm she surveyed the beautiful cabin—their own state-room—the pleasant accommodations for her invalid father. "Oh, I have been in such deadly terror since—since—is not my hair turning white! I feel as if it must be."

"Dark and beautiful as ever," murmured her husband, pressing his lips upon her forehead. "Now I must exert my authority," he added, laughingly. "I command you, on pain of my—my *deepest frown*, not to mention that name again as long as we two are man and wife. We are rid of the evil presence now, thank heaven! We are free, dear Della—on

our way to a free land. Let us forget the trials of the past, and look forward hopefully to the future. Say, shall I be obeyed?"

"Most implicitly," replied the beautiful young wife, laughing back—a sudden sense of the freedom he described, lighting up her eyes and tinging her cheeks. "Oh! yes—I *will* try to forget, indeed I will—but—" she started violently. A sailor had that moment passed the door of their cabin.

"What now, Della, are you going to be nervous still?"

"It was nothing," murmured the young wife, her eyes still searching the deck; but I shall be better in time. You are still my doctor, you know—what shall I take for a nervine?"

"Confidence—and love," he answered.

She repeated the words softly, though with a blanched lip. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE BRIDE EULALIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HARRIET W. STILLMAN.

In the church-yard at eve walks the bride Eulalie.
By the graves of the dead, 'neath the sad willow tree,
But all dewy with bliss are the eyes of the bride,
For her proud lover-husband is close at her side;
And the soft stars smile downward the young wife to greet,
And the velvet grass kisses her dear, dainty feet,
And the full-blossomed apple tree scatters in showers
All around her its sweet-scented burden of flowers.

Now they pause at the grave of a youth once so fair,—
Of a youth o'er whose blue eyes and soft golden hair,
When the last winter's frosts veiled the woodlands in white,
Death's more merciless frost cast its untimely blight.
And now suddenly sad grows the voice of the bride—
Her round cheeks, but a moment ago richly dyed,
Ashy pale have become with some vision of fear—
In her sunny eye lingers a tremulous tear.

"Does it seem to you, love, that it ever can be
This sad willow shall wave o'er your dead Eulalie?
That alone in this cold, clammy earth I shall rest,
With a grassy pall spread o'er my passionless breast?
With the sweet apple blossoms strewn thickly about,
And those same smiling stars look lovingly out
On my grave, as they smile on Leander's to-night,
While the night-birds, as now, sing their songs of delight?
And alone here shall slumber thy dead Eulalie,
And alone in the wide, weary world thou shalt be!"

"Ah, *alone*, love, *alone?* what wild fancy is this?
What dark vision hath clouded thy bright dreams of bliss?
Let us hasten away from this home of the dead,
Would we had not come here on the night we were wed.
See! yon wedding guests, wondering, seek where we stray;
Let us hasten to meet them. Smile, love, and be gay."

One short year has gone by. In the church-yard, alone,
Lies the bride, Eulalie, 'neath a slab of white stone.
Alone? No, not alone; for twin flowerets rest
On the dead mother's icy-cold, pasionless breast.
O'er the three the green grass spreads its dark velvet pall,
And in showers the sweet-scented apple-blooms fall,
And the long willow boughs slowly sway to and fro,
While the gay night-birds sing, and the stars softly glow,
As when she was a bride, only one year ago.
But the bridegroom, the husband, the father, bereft,
Is alone in the wide, weary world she has left.
Is alone? ah, not so!—there are blest spirits, three,
Ever hovering o'er him, where'er he may be—
His sweet babes, and his heart's love, his bride, Eulalie.

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER X.

LORD TEMPLE'S FOLLY.

Time went on. Time goes on with us all. Lord Temple paid occasional visits to Danesbury House, his conduct there being all that it ought to be, and Isabel's attachment to him grew deeper and deeper. Their marriage was not spoken of, even yet, as a speedy event, although they were both some years older than when first engaged, but his affairs did not get straight. Serle and St. George performed prodigies of wonder towards righting them, as the former assured Lord Temple; but the more they effected, the more his lordship spent.—Every morning of his life did Lord Temple make a firm resolve that the morrow should see him begin a life of reformation, of saving, and every night saw his lordship spending as before.

Robert and Lionel Danesbury had been for some time resident in London. Robert's regiment, a foot regiment, was quartered there; and Lionel, who had done with Mr. Pratt, was with an eminent town practitioner, attending lectures and walking the hospitals. William likewise remained in town. At the expiration of his articles, the firm had proposed to Mr. Danesbury that he should continue with them a few additional years, for he was clever in his profession, and of much use to them. William likewise urged it, "for improvement, and to gain experience," he said; but the unhappy truth was, that he was unable to tear himself from the fascinations of a London life. The three young men were in the first blush of manhood; William more than of age. Lionel approaching it. They were not very frequently together, for their pursuits lay in different spheres, and each had a separate lodging. Mr. Danesbury was startled at the frequent calls upon his purse, so much more than he had ever bargained for. All were ready with an excuse; Robert's perhaps the most plausible. He urged the expensive mess; the extravagant habits of his brother officers; and he must do as they did, unless he would like to be sent to Coventry. Mr. Danesbury believed that officers must be the greatest spendthrifts on the face of the earth; he made a handsome allowance to Robert, besides his pay, but the allowance and the pay seemed to be swallowed up, no one could tell how, and a vast deal beside it. He had left his ensigncy behind him, and was now lieutenant. William received a good salary from his employers, but he could not make it sufficient for his wants. Lionel was furnished with a liberal allowance, but it seemed as nothing to him. Mr. Danesbury consulted with Arthur, and grumbled, and wrote lectures to his sons; but Mrs. Danesbury made very light of it. Young men liked to see life before settling down, she said; but they would be all the steadier for it in the end.

But what was it that their London life was teaching them? Everything that was bad.—Some things they learned need not be given in detail, but the worst habit that can possibly fall upon young men, they had rapidly acquired—to fritter away their hours in idleness, smoking and drinking. We are speaking now more particularly of Robert and Lionel; William's days, till evening, were occupied in his business, therefore idleness could not be charged upon him. Robert's habits had grown bad, as well as alarmingly expensive; too many families remember now, with a sigh of agony, what were the lives led by the officers quartered in London during the long peace. Vanity, vice, betting, gambling, and—what this history has most to do with—drinking. All three were without control in that dangerous city; without a home, for the furnished lodgings of a young man cannot deserve the name. Lionel's companions were, of course, chiefly medical students of various ages; quite as notorious, in their way, as officers are in theirs; they were dissolute, idle and irreligious, gentlemen though they called themselves. Robert and Lionel (do not forget that we are not much alluding to William, who was not quite so unsteady as his brothers) were not yet in the habit of *getting intoxicated*—that only happened to them occasionally; but, had they sat down and reflected on the immense quantity of drink they did consume in a day, it might have startled them. Lionel chiefly indulged in porter, medical student fashion; Robert in wine; and spirits came amiss to neither. Drinking begets drinking. Had any one told them they were on the road to become men of habitual inebriation, they would have scoffed at the notion; yet, had they recalled what had been their customary daily portion the previous year, and what the year before that, they would have been astonished to find how, with each year, the quantity had augmented. How could it increase? they would have asked themselves; they did not seem to take, one day, more than the preceding one. No, they did not *seem* to do so, taking one day with another, and yet the increase had been dreadful. Poor lads! the vice was insinuating itself imperceptibly upon them; they were thrown into its very midst; they did not wish, or intend, to do wrong; but they were unable to withstand the temptations that beset them, for London teemed then, as it teems now, with incentives to indulge in it.

A cab was dashing down Oxford street into Holborn, a well-appointed cab, with a coronet on its panels. The refined features of its distinguished looking driver bore the pale, jaded air, that tells too surely of a dissipated life; he seemed to urge his horse recklessly. Clearing all impediments, he was about to turn up Red Lion street, when he checked his horse so suddenly that the animal was nearly pulled on his haunches.

"Halloa! Payn!" called out he; and Sir Robert Payn, who had been walking along, in a brown study, regarding nobody, turned off the pavement and went round to the driver's side of the cab.

"I say, Payn," cried he, stooping down and speaking in an undertone, "were you not in St. James's street, the night before last, when I went in?"

"Yes," answered the baronet. "You had been in the sun; and no mistake."

"Did I play while you were there?"

"Not you. You were too far gone. You couldn't have held the cards. Why?"

"It seems I did get playing. And I thought if you had been there, Payn, you might have done me the service to pitch me out at the window, rather than suffer me to make a fool of myself, and ducks and drakes of my money."

"Do you mean to say you did do that?"

"Others say it; and there's no doubt I did."

"Much damage?"

"Pretty fair. What time did you leave?"

"What time did I leave?" pondered Sir Robert. "Let's see. After that, I looked in at Mogg's, and stopped about three quarters of an hour, and I was at home, and in bed, before four. It must have been getting on for three when I left St. James's street. Danesbury and Colonel Neeve went out when I did. You were fast asleep on the sofa then."

"Was Sandlin there?"

"No, Sandlin was gone. Whitehouse was there, and Georgy Eden; and those were about all, I think, except you and Anketel. There was nothing doing. Swallowtail was sitting by the fire-place, and Whitehouse and Georgy were flinging for sovereigns. Are you coming to Sandlin's to night?"

"I don't know. I shall see. Good-day."

The cab sped on, up Red Lion street, towards Bedford Row; and there it pulled up at the offices of Serle and St. George. The gentleman threw the reins to his groom, jumped out, went into the house, and opened the door of the front office.

"Mr. Serle in?"

"No, my lord. Mr. St. George is."

His lordship walked listlessly through the room. The clerks turned their heads after him. Scarcely a young clerk but gazed with a sigh of envy: his handsome person, his life of ease, his title, even his aristocratic cab at the door, with its blood horse, all presented, or seemed to present, food for envy. But had the breast of that nobleman been laid bare before them, they might have hesitated to exchange their own position for his, although they did have to scratch away from morning till night with a hard pen at a hard desk. The head clerk left his place, and held open the door of a very small room, the private room of Mr. St. George.

"Lord Temple, sir."

Mr. St. George rose. He had been sitting before a table covered with parchments and papers. "Serle's not in!" said Lord Temple, who was not only some years older than when we last saw him, but who looked it.

"No," replied Mr. St. George. "He is gone up west with Mr. Danesbury."

"With Mr. Danesbury! Is he in town?"

"He came up last night on unexpected business. Is it anything I can do, my lord?"

"I can speak to you, as well as to Serle; it is all the same, I daresay," returned Lord Temple, throwing himself into the client's chair. "I want some money raised."

"Raised *again?*" echoed Mr. St. George, with an emphasis.

"And I must have it, too," added Lord Temple.

"I fear it will be difficult. The mortgage on the Dacre estate—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Lord Temple. "I never go into these business details: Serle can tell you so. You and he must manage the practical part, but don't worry me with it. I must have £3,000 by the 25th."

Mr. St. George looked grave, and at length spoke hesitatingly.

"Lord Temple—"

"Well?"

"Will you pardon me if I am frank with you? Mr. Serle, I know, smooths matters over, and gives them a pleasant aspect. It is his way. So long as the evil day can be put off, he is sure to do it. I should like to be more honest with you."

"You would like to tell me that my estates are going to the deuce headlong, and the more money I raise, the quicker they'll be there," said his lordship, good humoredly. "That's what you mean, is it not, St. George?"

"Part of it, my lord."

"Part of it! what's the other part?"

"I should like to ask how much longer you are going to play with Miss Danesbury," said the lawyer, in a low tone, "if I may dare to ask it?"

The color rushed into the viscount's face. He bit his lip.

"You will forgive my boldness, Lord Temple, when you remember that her mother was my near relative. I have long been pained to see your time, your fortune, your energies thrown away; pained for you, and pained for Miss Danesbury. You ought to give her up."

"Give her up!" echoed his lordship: "*give her up!* Never. She is dearer to me than my own life."

A contemptuous sneer, suppressed instantly, rose to Mr. St. George's lip.

"Is she dearer to you than your follies, my lord?"

The viscount started from his seat in perturbation, angry, yet conscious-stricken.

"You are the only man who should so speak to me, Mr. St. George. But, as you say, you were her mother's relative."

"It is time that some one should speak," returned Mr. St. George. "Mr. Danesbury, buried in the country, unsuspicious as his own honorable nature, believes that your affairs were so inextricably involved at your father's death, that it is taking all this time to get them straight. You know perfectly well they might have been set to rights twice over, had you been barely prudent—at least, sufficiently straight to allow of your marriage."

Lord Temple made no answer.

"You also must be aware that each year brings less chance of its being accomplished. Every sum of money you raise, makes the prospect darker; while Mr. Danesbury—and no doubt his daughter also—is naturally looking, from one month to another, to receive news that the desired end is gained. Indeed, Lord Temple, you ought to give up Miss Danesbury."

"I will not give her up," was the answer, passionately uttered. "How dare you suggest so dishonorable an alternative?"

"My lord! Dishonorable! Whether would it be more honorable, frankly to tell Mr. Danesbury that your circumstances bar you from marrying, or to waste Miss Danesbury's best years in a useless engagement which will never be fulfilled?"

His lordship turned his haughty face on Mr. St. George. It expressed the very essence of scorn.

"What are you saying, sir? That the engagement will never be fulfilled?"

Mr. St. George met the viscount's anger equably. He was a plain-speaking, right-minded man, and had less reverence for rank (as rank alone) in his whole body, than Mr. Serle had in his little finger. It was with the senior partner that Lord Temple had hitherto consulted. But, now that Mr. St. George had got him face to face, and broken through the official trammels of lawyer and client, and social trammels due to rank, he was determined to speak out his mind.

"My lord, I am saying nothing that the facts of the case will not justify. How can the engagement ever be fulfilled, when you are daily putting it more and more out of your power to do so? When you were first engaged to Miss Danesbury, years ago, you were in a better position to marry than you are now."

Lord Temple could not gainsay it.

"The fact is," said he, with a somewhat crestfallen expression, "I have been led unwittingly into expenses, one after another. But this shall not go on. I will begin the work of reformation, and get things straight."

"So you said then. I fear you will go on saying it to the end of time, but not acting. It is cruel behaviour towards Miss Danesbury. My lord, I must express it; cruel behaviour."

"I cannot control my circumstances, and convert shillings into pounds," cried Lord Temple, after an uncomfortable pause.

He was provoked at the lawyer's manners, so cool, yet so evidently determined not to quarrel; he was provoked at his words, because they were true; and he was provoked at himself.

"But you can control yourself, and spend less," spoke Mr. St. George. "That, at least, is in your power. Lieutenant Danesbury was at my house the other night, and I gathered a hint of your extravagance from some words dropped by him. He said Lord Temple was 'going the pace,' even for a nobleman."

"*He* need not talk," returned Lord Temple, in a fiery tone. "There are not many men in this town, noble or simple, who 'go the pace' quicker than Robert Danesbury."

"I believe that is unfortunately true. Mr. Danesbury's present visit to town is caused by some unpleasant extravagance of Robert's, which must be looked into and provided for. But Robert Danesbury is not an engaged man."

"You harp so much upon my being engaged," peevishly cried Lord Temple. "I wish to my heart I was not engaged; I wish I was married. A single man—a man without home ties, as I am, cannot help getting into extravagance. I'll defy him. I am not a tenth part as extravagant as many of my order."

"Nor a fortieth part as wealthy to be extravagant upon," thought the lawyer. "I know what I should do in the dilemma," he added, aloud. "I should marry."

"Marry!" echoed Lord Temple, in consternation.

"*I* should. I should lay a statement of facts before Mr. Danesbury, and say, 'Give me your daughter, sir, and save me from my follies, for I cannot save myself.' You would spend less, as a married man, than you are spending now."

A rush of eager hope lighted Lord Temple's cheek, at the vista thus unexpectedly put before him. It was a way of solving the matter he had never thought of: for he had believed he must be a clear man before he could venture to become a married one. But the color faded from his face again—faded with reflection.

"No, no," he sadly said, "how is it likely that Mr. Danesbury would give her to me, trammelled as I am? I should blush to ask him."

"You can but try him," answered Mr. St. George. "I think you should do that, or give her up. She is not looking well, and this uncertainty, this continued disappointment, is enough to break the spirit of any woman.—'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' Lord Temple."

"How do you know that she is not looking well?" demanded Lord Temple, catching at the words.

"I see that she is not. She and her stepmother accompanied Mr. Danesbury to town, and they are staying at my house."

"You cold, cruel man! Isabel at hand, and you could quietly keep it to yourself! Is she in now? Do you think she is in now?"

Lord Temple, in his eagerness, had approached close to the lawyer. His breath was hurried, his lips were apart with excitement.

"I cannot understand you," emphatically cried Mr. St. George, as he noticed the signs. "You are evidently deeply attached to Miss Danesbury, yet you will not relinquish your wild habits to obtain her. But my opinion is, that you and Miss Danesbury should not meet, unless things between you can go on more satisfactorily. I tell you, my lord, the engagement ought to cease."

"Perhaps you wish to prohibit my calling at your house to see her?" haughtily spoke Lord Temple.

"Pardon me, my lord. I hope you will never find me guilty of discourtesy; though I cannot shut my eyes to what is right and wrong, especially with regard to the interests of Miss Danesbury."

"If I could marry!" murmured his lordship. "But it is of no use dwelling on it. We could not live upon air."

Mr. St. George drew in his lips.

"Do you live upon air now, Lord Temple?"

"No, of course I don't. But—to bring Isabel to an unsuitable home, a home unworthy of her! And you know things have come to such a pitch that the estates must be at nurse."

"I know they must. But a thousand or fifteen hundred a-year can be managed out of them."

Lord Temple opened his eyes and his mouth. He doubted if he heard aright.

"Marry upon that!" he slowly uttered, "why, it would take as much, nearly, for Isabel's court-dress when she was presented! She should not go a fright, I can tell you, and disgrace her own noble beauty, and the coronet of Temple. And there would be the opera-box, and her own carriage and servants, and the re-setting of the family diamonds—for they have not been renovated since the time of my grandmother—besides the general expenses, housekeeping and that. I don't see that ten thousand a-year would go very far towards it all, and you talk of one!"

Mr. St. George, though considerably amused, felt angry.

"We are speaking at cross purposes, Lord Temple," he said, taking out his watch, the lawyer's hint that a conference is up. "When I spoke of your marrying at once, I thought of your living retired for a time, as a private gentleman. I believe I said so. You, it appears, can only contemplate it in accordance with your rank as a peer. I confess that I see no probability of your being enabled to marry, as such, either now or later."

Lord Temple ruminated.

"I would give all I am worth to have her," he said. "What is the smallest income I might ask for her upon, without an insult?"

Mr. St. George had grown as stiff as a poker.

"Not any income that I shall suggest, Lord Temple. I have said all I have to say, and it has not found favor with you; were I to urge it further, you might deem that I, as a relative of Miss Danesbury, had a design to thrust her upon you."

"Now you are stupid!" retorted his lordship. "I only wish you could thrust her upon me. I should be too thankful. She is far superior to me, St. George."

"I think she is," was Mr. St. George's reply, as he drew up his little figure, and looked fearlessly in the Peer's face. "Although you are my Lord Viscount Temple, and she is only plain Miss Danesbury, the daughter of Danesbury the iron-master, I have long thought that you were not worthy of her. Now you have the truth."

Lord Temple played with his watch-chain.

"My concern is for her, not for myself. If I were put in a first-floor lodging, or a cottage with two rooms, it would be as good to me as a palace, if she were but with me."

"Then why need you fear for Isabel? She has not been brought up in the luxuries of high life, and would not miss what she has scarcely been accustomed to."

"But she would be Lady Temple then."

"And could wait for her honors. However, do as you think best, my lord."

A clerk put in his head—

"Captain Thomson's here, sir. He wanted Mr. Serle, but he'll see you instead. It's very important, he says."

"Ask him to wait a minute."

"I am going," said Lord Temple. "I expect you will enter this as a double conference, for I have kept you an unconscionable time," he laughed. "I have made up my mind to speak to Mr. Danesbury. But about that £3,000, St. George. You will not forget to tell Serle?"

"I will till him. £3,000—it is a large sum. It would have kept your married home for a year or two, if this plan be carried out."

"I suppose it would," answered Lord Temple, his brow contracting. "I won't get into such another mess, but this must be provided for."

"Was it play?"

Lord Temple nodded.

"I thought you had left off play?"

"You may depend I will leave it off," fiercely spoke his lordship. They don't catch me losing three thousand pounds again. And I had left it off, that's more; and did not know anything about losing this. I should not have done it, had I been in my senses."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. St. George.

"It was that cursed drink," returned his lordship.

"Still, I do not understand."

"Why, it was in St. James's street," explained Lord Temple, kicking the toe of his boot against the fender. "I went in with Anketel, the night before last, three parts gone, for I had been drinking wine freely, and I threw myself on a sofa, and to sleep I went. I declare that is all I remember of it. I no more knew that I woke up and sat down to play, than you did, who were not there; and the next morning, when Anketel called upon me, he began blowing me up for playing, when I was not in a state to know one card from another. I was thunderstruck; told him it was a hoax; but he said I should find it no hoax, when I came to pay. And I found I had lost £3,000, and had given my I O U for it."

"Are you sure you gave it? Are you sure they were not hoaxing you, after all?" asked Mr. St. George.

"I am sure I gave it. For I would not believe Anketel; and Swallowtail, who holds it, brought it to show me. It was my own writing, plain enough; rather shaky, but still mine."

"Swallowtail—Swallowtail?" said Mr. St. George. "Ah, he is much about gambling-houses now. The less you have to do with him, the better."

"I don't like him, myself; he is as keen as a razor. He is a lawyer, isn't he?"

"He was," replied Mr. St. George, emphasizing the second word, "but his practice grew too sharp, and he was struck off the rolls."

"Oh, that's it, is it," carelessly replied Lord Temple. "He has something to do with the establishment in St. James's street, I think, for he is always there."

"Too much to do with it," muttered the lawyer. "Was it this man who won your money?"

"I suppose so. Or, *non-compos*, as I was, I should hardly have given him an acknowledgment. I have no more recollection of the transaction myself, than a child unborn."

"But you must surely remember the fact of playing, if you do not remember the details. And you could not give an acknowledgment in your own handwriting without retaining some consciousness of it."

"I assure you I am totally oblivious of the evening altogether. I have a faint recollection of going into the house, and of seeing Sandlin and Sir Robert Payn, and then, I think, somebody gave me some brandy and water, and I lay down on the sofa to sleep. I have no farther consciousness of anything, till I woke up next day in my own bed."

"It is very strange," exclaimed Mr. St. George.

"So it is," said his lordship; but it's true."

"Who was in the room when you played?"

"How am I to know? I met Payne just now, and he says he left about three o'clock, with Colonel Neeve and Robert Danesbury. That I was asleep on the sofa then, with no play in me, and Whitehouse and Eden were tossing for sovs. I asked Anketel yesterday, how on earth he could suffer me to play when in such a state, and he swears I woke up and would play, and there was no preventing me."

"I don't like Anketel," observed Mr. St. George.

"Oh, he is a good fellow enough, in the main; always at one's beck and call. Well, I don't get into such another pit. Tell Serle the money must be ready by the 25th, for that is the day I have promised it. Good-morning, St. George."

Lord Temple ascended to his cab, took the reins from his groom, touched his horse, and was whirled away towards Hyde Park Gardens, where Mr. St. George's residence was situated.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEMAND.

Not long had Lord Temple left Bedford Row, when Mr. Danesbury and Mr. Serle returned to it. The latter immediately closeted himself with Captain Thomson, and Mr. St. George obtained a moment's conversation with Mr. Danesbury. Mr. Danesbury was much altered; he was beginning to look quite an old man. The courses pursued by his sons could no longer be concealed from him, apart from their expenditure, and they told upon his health and spirits.

"Lord Temple has just driven from here," observed Mr. St. George. "I expect he is gone to my house to see Isabel, by the pace at which his cab tore from the door. I fancy he will be making you a proposal to-day, sir."

"Of what nature?" inquired Mr. Danesbury.

"That he may be allowed to take Isabel at once, for better or for worse. He has been waiting all these years for his affairs to be set straight, with a miracle, I suppose, but they only get deeper involved."

"How is that?" said Mr. Danesbury.

"It is his own fault, sir. He spends ten times more than he ought, and makes no attempt at self-denial. But he associates with other men of his rank—which is but natural—and plunges into all their folly and improvidence. And plunge into it he must, he says, as long as he is a bachelor."

"I do not see the obligation," returned Mr. Danesbury.

"Neither do I. But seems he does, or his want of resolution does for him. I told him to-day—for which interference I hope you will not be displeased with me—that he ought to resign Isabel, or else make arrangements so that he could marry her. He was ready to trample on me for hinting at such a thing as resigning her. I believe his attachment is fervent."

"Yes, I do think that," acquiesced Mr. Danesbury. "But there is a serious question in the midst of this, Walter. Are these habits of Lord Temple such as will cling to him after marriage?"

"I sincerely believe not. He has no domestic home in which to spend his evenings, and he goes out with those who have twenty times his rent-roll. Once let him be removed from the wild lot who beset him now, give his naturally good qualities fair play, and he might become an ornament to his order. Isabel's daily influence would do much. I told him they might live upon a thousand a-year, while the estates were righting themselves."

"What did he say?"

"Stared at me as though I had lost my senses, and wondered what would become of Isabel, restricted to a thousand a year. His notions extended to court-dresses for her, and re-set diamonds, and opera-boxes, and gilded carriages, and cauliflowered footmen. In short, he has as much notion of economy, as my eldest son and heir has of a whipping, which his mother won't give him, or let anybody else. However, he came to the conclusion at last, that if you would entertain the proposal, and Isabel not think it 'an insult,' he should grow wild with gratitude at its being adopted."

"If Isabel were restricted to a thousand a year all her life, she would not be much worse off than she has been," smiled Mr. Danesbury.

"I told him that, or something equivalent to it; but he has got a crotchet in his head, that though Miss Danesbury may pleasantly ruralize upon a thousand a-year, such a calamity would be entirely out of place for the Lady Temple. He but judges according to the prejudices of his rank, sir."

"Isabel shall not marry without a settlement," said Mr. Danesbury.

"Most certainly not. That can be effected. A small one. And—pardon me—should Isabel inherit anything from you, it should also be settled on her."

Mr. Danesbury sighed deeply.

"Isabel shall not suffer, whatever betide the rest of us," he said. "I set aside long ago, in my own determination, £10,000 as my daughter's marriage portion, and she shall have it on her wedding-day; but some of my sons are giving me great anxiety. I have serious calls on my purse, now."

"I am sorry to hear it, sir."

"It appears to me that young men now-a-days think of little besides pleasure and reprehensible pursuits. It was not so when I was young."

"These boys of yours have been less fortunately situated than you were, sir. You were sheltered in your paternal home, and did not leave it: they have been cast abroad in this city of evil, without the protection of one. Rely upon it, if we would keep a young man steady, we must give him a home that he can find pleasure in. We must compass him about, and shield him, as it were, with home influence. The want of this, has been Lord Temple's bane: he said so this very day."

"There is a great deal in it," observed Mr. Danesbury.

"There is everything in it," warmly returned Mr. St. George, "provided a young man has good principles. I believe that many a mother, if impressed with the influence it must exercise, for good or for evil, would make home pleasanter than she does, for her growing sons. A bright, pleasant evening home, where he will find amusement, merry society, and loving faces, is a young man's greatest safeguard."

A pang shot across the heart of Mr. Danesbury. His wife had *not* made home pleasant to their boys.

"I can but hope and pray," he said, aloud, as he rose, "that as my sons grow in years, they may grow in prudence and wisdom, and redeem what they are doing now."

"Are you going out again, sir?"

"To see William. I have not seen him yet."

"He returns home in autumn, I hear, for good."

"Yes," replied Mr. Danesbury, "he joins us in the works."

"You will ask them all three to come and dine with you to-day, sir. Mrs. St. George is expecting them."

"Thank you. I will tell William; but the question is, where I am to pick up Robert and Lionel. We have not long left Robert, but he may not be to be found again. Lionel I have called on twice, but have not seen him."

Mr. Danesbury was leaving the room when Mr. Serle came in, having got rid of Captain Thomson.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GARIBALDI'S SUCCESSES CONFIRMED—RESIGNATION OF THE NEAPOLITAN MINISTRY—THE GREAT EASTERN, &c.

The Niagara brings advices to June 3rd. They fully confirm the previous reports of the successes achieved by Garibaldi.

He attacked Palermo at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 28th ultimo, penetrated to the centre of the city, flag in hand, after a desperate conflict of six hours, during an active bombardment, both by sea and land.

The Royal troops retreating to the Palace and other public buildings, the combat was renewed. The Palace was at length taken by the people, and burned. The loss in killed and wounded is very considerable.

Other towns in Sicily have also risen against the Government.

The bombardment of Palermo was continued on the 31st, but it is said that the Government was considering a proposition for its discontinuance.

The Royal troops were concentrated in the Castle which Garibaldi attacked on the 28th.

The English Admiral had offered protection to the American residents at Palermo.

The greatest agitation prevailed in the Court at Naples. The Ministers tendered their resignation on the 29th ult., and a Liberal Cabinet was expected to succeed them.

Garibaldi has already instituted important administrative reforms at all places in his power.

LONDON, June 6.—The Paris correspondence states that the news of the capture of Palermo has made a deep impression on the people of Naples. Nevertheless, all remains tranquil in the Capital and on the main land.

The Americans at Marsala sought refuge on board the United States steamer Iroquois. The people were everywhere shouting—"Italy forever! Victor Emmanuel forever!"

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament had re-assembled. An important document relative to China had been submitted, giving the particulars of the ultimatum, and the reply of the Chinese authorities. The ultimatum demanded an ample apology for the Peiho affair, the restoration of the guns and ships lost on that occasion, the ratification without delay of the treaty of Pekin, and an indemnity of 4,000,000 of taels for military expenses attending the Canton affair.

The Chinese peremptorily refuse all these propositions, thus dispelling all hope of an amicable settlement.

Lord John Russell explained the nature of Russia's propositions in relation to the Christians in Turkey, and said that Austria, Prussia and England dissented, and proposed that Turkey herself should institute the inquiry, which proposition was being acted upon.

France sided with Russia.

The Times, in a leader, describes the terrible torture inflicted by the police of the King of Naples. Darkness, and torture chiefly by flogging, are used to extract avowals of complicity in political plots. Recently an old man, and his daughter, far gone in pregnancy, perished under the lash.

The Post's Paris correspondent telegraphs that a despatch received by the French Government confirms, but with reserve, the news of the entry of Garibaldi into Palermo.—The fact, however, cannot be yet considered as official.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says it is strongly suspected that France was endeavoring to persuade Austria to tacitly consent to the dismemberment of Turkey, but Count Rechberg was unlikely to listen to the "voice of the tempter."

The closing sentences of Lawlette's speech, which had so greatly alarmed the French merchants at Constantinople, were "Beware of entering into any great speculations." More I am not able to say to you.

The Prince Regent of Prussia, in opening the Rhine and Nahe Railway, said Prussia would never permit an inch of German ground to be lost to Germany.

LIVERPOOL, June 3.—The Great Eastern will sail on her appointed day. A trial trip takes place to-morrow. The number of berths taken is comparatively small.

The colonial wood market shows increased firmness, and sales are made at prices fully as high as in March last.

The discount market remains quiet, and best bills are taken at 3¼ to ½ per cent. The successive reductions in the terms of the Bank of England have not yet caused any influx of business to that establishment.

It is ascertained on reliable authority, from private advices by the Niagara, that the steamship Great Eastern was not to leave Southampton till the 23d inst.

The formal presentation of the belts to Sayers and Heenan, took place at the Alhambra Palace, London, on the 30th ult. Mr. Dowling, of Bell's Life, presented the latter with a complimentary belt, George Wilkes did the same for Sayers. Each declared all animosities buried.

An accident of a terrible character, but fortunately unattended with fatal results, took place yesterday evening, at the London terminus, King's Cross, to a return excursion train on the Northern Railway from Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield and Spedderfield, and other large towns in the North of England. The train, which consisted of thirty-five carriages, was due at 6.40 P. M. The engine, instead of slackening its speed, as is usual on entering the station, dashed at full speed through the station, actually leaped on the platform at the end of it, a height of between five and six feet, carrying with it tender, the break ram, and one or two carriages, and proceeding on its fearful and precipitous course, ran down the inclined plane, immediately under the dock, and across the old St. Pancras road, where it burst through the enclosure of the Metropolitan Railway works, and had it not been for an immense quantity of earth being there, stuff excavated from the new road tunnel, it would have probably burst itself in the shaft of that undertaking. The engine, tender and break were completely destroyed, and the other carriages more or less injured. Many of the passengers sustained serious wounds and contusions. It was found that the guard had firmly applied the first break, but the second break showed it had only been partially applied. It was then discovered that the guard, Wanener, of Manchester, was in a state of intoxication, and he was taken into custody. The sufferers, most of whom were conveyed to their residences, are about fourteen in number.

FRANCE.—In the Paris Moniteur of the 1st inst., there is a most important declaration of the French Government, and one which, if it were not for the distrust with which Europe has been unfortunately taught to regard the most solemn assurances of that Government, would be received with delight.

The official organ, after protesting against the malevolent suppositions and accusations which have been produced by the annexation of Savoy and Nice, declares that the French Government does not seek for further aggrandizement; that the Emperor Napoleon's sole desire is to live in peace with other sovereigns, his allies, and to use all his endeavors to develope the resources of France.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte, uncle of the Emperor, was unwell, and there was little hope of his recovery.

The Emperor and Empress had gone to Lyons, to meet the dowager Empress of Russia.

It is reported that the French troops in China will afterwards visit Madagascar, and establish a solid occupation of the principal points on that island.

The Bourse was dull, but prices were better —69f. 55c.

AUSTRIA.—Advices from Vienna say that the Empire held its first sitting. The Hungarian representatives proclaimed the loyalty of the Hungarian people.

TURKEY.—Kiprisali, Mehemed Pacha, has been appointed Grand Vicar, vice Mehemed Raschid Pacha.

The Government had commenced official inquiry into the complaints of the Christians.

Austrian army in Italy will be concentrated in the fortresses of the Quadrilateral.

It is again asserted that Russian troops are concentrating on the frontiers of Turkey.

The enlarged Council of the Austrian Embassy held its first sitting.

THREE DAYS LATER.

DELAY OF THE GREAT EASTERN—BOMBARDMENT OF PALERMO RENEWED, &c.

The Bohemia brings Liverpool dates to the 9th.

The delay to the Great Eastern is confirmed.

SICILY.—Later Sicilian dispatches indicate that the statement as to the capitulation at Palermo, was only partially correct. Advices from Naples to the 3d inst., state that the King had refused the conditions of the capitulation, and that hostilities will re-commence at noon.

A dispatch from Turin announces the renewal of the bombardment. Palermo was barricaded, and a part of the royal troops were surrounded by the insurgents.

A Neapolitan General had gone over to the insurgents.

A late telegraphic despatch, dated Palermo, on the evening of the 3d, announced that the bombardment has not been renewed. The armistice was continued. Garibaldi was still master of the town, but the forts were occupied by the Neapolitans. The terms of the capitulation have not been carried out, but the negotiations were continued.

Letters from the French squadron say that the armistice was to last until the 5th of June. Garibaldi was forced to grant the armistice for want of ammunition.

Messina was quite deserted.

The enthusiasm for Garibaldi was spreading, and the Neapolitan troops were becoming more and more affected by it.

The clergy in Sicily are preaching a crusade against the Neapolitans.

It is stated that Senor Carcja, (Neapolitan Minister) in a circular note, demanded a guarantee for the territory of the Two Sicilies, and called for intervention. Piedmont protested against this, and represented that an application to Napoleon would receive an immediate negative.

Many officers of the Sardinian army had obtained discharges, in order to join Garibaldi.

A Naples despatch of the 3rd instant says that 4,000 insurgents, with several pieces of cannon, had attacked Catania on the 1st, but were bravely repulsed. After a contest of eight hours the insurgents were dispersed, losing three guns and two flags. The city has since been declared in a state of siege.

The Neapolitan Minister at Rome has been summoned to Naples, and it is reported that he will be entrusted with the formation of a University.

LIVERPOOL, June 5.—The sales of Cotton for the last three days, have been 17,000 bales, including 9,000 for exportation and speculation. The market closes with a declining tendency, and quotations are barely maintained.

The decline mostly affects inferior qualities, which are very irregular. Middling Orleans range from 5½@6 9-16. Producers refuse concessions.

BREADSTUFFS.—The weather has been very wet, and very unfavorable for the growing crops. Flour is quiet, but holders demand an advance. Wheat closes firm, with a better demand.

ROMANTIC ENGLISH LADY.

The Syrian correspondent of The Boston Traveller thus writes from Damascus concerning an English woman, Lady Ellenborough:—

"Possessed of an ample fortune, once the favorite of the Court of St. James, after her full and divorce the wife of a Russian nobleman, and then of a Greek prince, she established herself in Damascus a few years ago. Here she prevailed upon a noted Bedouin chief to put away his wives and live with her. The two spend their winters in town and their summers in the desert, where she visited the old wives of the Sheikh, taking with her many beautiful presents to appease their wrath and jealousy. She has frequently been seen in the desert, habited in the one loose robe of the children of the sandy waste, barefooted and bareheaded. In Damascus she wears the long white sheet, which covers her figure, but lives in good English style, still retaining the luxuries of civilized life, and a French maid. Her constant attendance upon Protestant worship, when in town, gives travellers frequent opportunities of seeing her; and, being a majestic woman in appearance, and still retaining traces of a wondrous beauty, she always excites attention and inquiry. I hear that she has lately had her marriage with the Sheikh legalized by the Cadi of Damascus, and recorded in the British Consulate. Her lord and master—for in this country a husband is most emphatically a 'lord of creation'—possesses nothing either in face or figure to attest a woman of cultivated taste. Small in stature, darker than a mulatto, with small, piercing, black eyes, and walking with the swaggering gait of the Bedouin, he disappoints every one who sees him; for one would naturally expect to see something in the appearance of the man which would account for this singular freak of an English lady of rank and fortune in choosing for herself a husband from among the rude sons of the desert. But such expectations are far from being met at sight of this most inferior specimen of the Bedouin race. This interesting couple are now *en route* for Europe, where the wife hopes to educate and civilize her tawney spouse.

THE TORNADO SEASON.—We seem to be having a circle of tornados. Within a fortnight there have been four in the middle and western States, one extending from Louisville up to central Ohio, one in Cattaraugus county, in western New York, one in Armstrong, and the adjoining counties in western Pennsylvania, and one in Iowa and western Illinois, surpassing all others in violence and destructiveness. By the storm along the Ohio, not less than one hundred lives were lost, mostly in coal boats; by the storm in Pennsylvania, some ten or twelve victims are reported; but the last and greatest visitation in Iowa and Illinois, has left at least 150 dead bodies, with more than double that number of persons injured or dying. Altogether, the number of deaths within the last month, which may be placed to the account of the tornado, cannot be less than three hundred. Whole counties are in mourning, and many persons will long remember with sorrow the wind storms of 1860. The destruction of property is incalculable; but in the city of Alton alone, the total loss is estimated at $200,000, and in Camanche $250,000.

AT Farmington, Iowa, recently, a little girl four years old was carried by a sudden gust of wind and lodged in a cherry tree, a few rods distant, her clothes having caught in the branches of the tree, where she remained unhurt. The anxious father ran to and fro seeking her, when the little innocent, dripping with rain, peeped down through the branches of the cherry tree, exclaiming—"I'm here, Pa!"

HEALTH OF AMERICANS.—De Bow's mortality statistics, compiled from the last census, show that the people of the United States are the healthiest on the globe. The deaths are three hundred and twenty thousand per year, or one and a half per cent. of the population. In England the ratio is near two per cent., and in France nearly three per cent. Virginia and North Carolina are the healthiest of the States, and have 638 inhabitants over one hundred years of age.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE resolutions censuring the President and Secretary of the Navy for the Live Oak Timber contract, the political use of the patronage of the Navy Yards, and for considering the party relations of bidders for contracts, passed the House of Representatives last week, by a vote of 120 yeas to 65 nays—all the Anti-Lecompton Democrats and Southern Americans, and Mr. Pryor (Dem. of Va.), voting with the Republicans.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Rochester Union speaks as follows of the frozen well at Brandon, Vermont: The well is quite deep, and the ice cannot well be seen, except by reflecting the rays of the sun into the well with a mirror.—The ice appears to be some six inches thick, and covers the surface of the water entirely in winter and summer; a hole is kept open only by the repeated descent of the bucket. It is certainly a queer freak of nature. I might add that the water is as cold and pure as water can be.

THE London Spectator says that there is a rumor abroad about the forthcoming matrimonial alliance of the heir apparent to the British throne with a Princess of Prussia. German newspapers, solemn always, and full of erudition, inform us that all the particulars of this union have long been determined—arranged, in fact, at the time of the nuptials of our Princess Royal with young Prince Frederick William of Prussia. It was then settled, we are given to understand, that there should be a "double marriage" between the royal families of Great Britain and Hohenzollern; such double marriage as was seriously contemplated a century ago by the then monarchs of England and Prussia, but unfortunately broken off at the eleventh hour.

MRS. ELIZABETH ELIOT DAWES, widow of the late Rufus Dawes, the poet, died in Washington, recently, at the age of 55 years.

A GIRL of 14 recently got married at Columbus, Ohio, and poisoned herself a few days afterwards.

THE famous case of the two mothers and one baby, wherein Solomon displayed his sagacity, has been matched in Rutland, Vt., where a woman charged another with stealing her child from the cradle. She brought suit for the baby, and the magistrate, after hearing a good deal of conflicting testimony, decided in favor of the woman who cried the most. That was substantially the judgment of Solomon in the other case, and is probably correct.

AT Livingston's Manor, recently, an old gentleman of 75 years, named Lerow, married a young and beautiful damsel of 18 summers, named McLeland, residing near Hudson. The old gentleman's consideration is pure love and devotion; the young lady's was the settlement upon her of $100,000 in her own right by the happy groom.

IN the suit at Northampton, Mass., of Lydia French vs. Lucius W. Stone, for breach of promise of marriage, damages $10,000, the jury returned a verdict of $1,800 damages for the plaintiff, which she afterwards compromised for $1,245. The suit created great excitement, especially among the fair sex of Northampton, and the court-room was crowded during the trial, which seems to have afforded a good deal of merriment to the spectators, caused by Mr. Stone's epistles (some 300 or 400 in number) and testimony. Miss French is a resident of Eilenburgh, N. Y.

THE Rochester Democrat, states that Mr. Hall, the owner of the celebrated horse "George M. Patchin," has recently refused an offer of $25,000 for him, estimating his value $10,000 above that high figure. Patchin has proved himself the fastest trotting stallion in the world, in his recent matches with Ethan Allen, and recently beat Flora Temple.

AN English exchange has the following curious explanation of the origin of the practice of the clergy's wearing black coats. It says that in the year 1524, Luther laid aside the monk's costume, and henceforth dressed according to the fashion of the world. He chose black clothes, and consequently the color has become the fashion of the clergy. His reason for choosing this color was:—The Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of black cloth, being at that time the court fashion, and because Luther preferred it, as his scholars thought it became them to wear the same color as their master. From that time black has been the color most worn by the clergy.

THE Liberal army in Mexico was recently defeated.

LIFE LONGER IN AMERICA THAN EUROPE.—The Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts states that the mortuary experience of fourteen companies, which had reported to the State for the past year, representing about fifty thousand years of life, prove that life in this country at ages between thirty-one and fifty-five, was not subject to as high a rate of mortality as similar returns proved it to be in Great Britain and Germany.

THE sparkle of the notorious "Diamond Wedding" has departed, and nothing but dull, dead paste remains. The father of the bejewelled bride has been sued for $134 for wines and groceries, delivered at the Brevoort House for that immortalized wedding, and to the judgment obtained the sheriff has returned "no effects!" Lieut. Bartlett, the father of the happy bride, has been shamefully outraged by being summoned before a judge to make oath as to his financial affairs.

THE motion for a new trial in the breach of promise case—Carstang vs. Shaw—was overruled at St. Louis, on the 14th, in the Court of Common Pleas.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—A few years ago a young girl left her home and went to Rochester, there becoming the inmate of a school.—When less than fifteen years old, she felt a school-girl's fancy for a boy two or three years older than herself, who was fiercely in love with her, and the two were secretly married, the wife returning to her school, the husband to his, for he also was in the early stages of an education. When, in the course of time, the marriage was made public, there was a great outcry. The parties were sent from their schools, and the indignation of the principals was hot. The boy took his wife home to a house where a rich stepfather and the haughty mother divided the rule. At first they were reconciled to the loving pair, for they supposed the girl was an heiress, and the money appeased the stepfather, while the idea of the "gentility" which money brings, soothed the mother. But when it was found that the son had brought home a penniless bride, their indignant virtue burst its prudent bonds. The young wife was cast adrift, and the husband was sent to kind Indiana to get a divorce.—She returned to Rochester, the inhospitable parents living in another county, and there found employment in a shop. He could not obtain his divorce—perhaps did not wish it. At any rate he came also back to Rochester, and held clandestine intercourse with his wife.—Undoubtedly reprehensible as it was, no one can wonder that he took to drink, being weak-minded and disappointed. His intemperate habits destroyed the little manliness originally in him, and he became a burden to himself and a source of shame to his friends. The wife, disheartened by the treatment she had received for contracting a legal marriage and trying to support herself, and being unused to labor and in danger of breaking down under it, forsook a virtuous life and sold herself. It was not long, however, before the disgrace attaching to her position made life insupportable, and she determined to end it. Accordingly she attempted suicide twice, but was each time kept from dying, by the timely arrival of assistance. All of which has happened before she has arrived at the summer of her twentieth year.

☞ With western farmers the question to decide is, whether they shall "break" the prairies, or the prairies break them.

☞ Gongs or signal bells, to convey orders to engineers, are not used on English steamboats; all orders are passed by word of mouth by a boy from the captain on the wheel-house to the engineers below deck. "Reese," (ease her) and "stawparr" (stop her) correspond to one and two bells on American boats.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour under a limited demand both for export and home use, has been unsettled and drooping, prices at the close being 12½@25c ₩ bbl lower and very irregular, holders generally being more anxious to sell. The week's sales reach some 12,000 bbls in lots at $5,25 @5,50 for common and good straight superfine; $5,37½@5,75 for extra, as in quality, and $5,87½ @6 for family, including 1000 bbls common extra sold at $5,31½. Some 3000 bbls good Western do taken a few days ago on terms kept private, and 1000 bbls fresh ground good City Mills fancy also at a private bargain. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent at the above rates for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 up to 7 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is but little inquired for, and selling in a small way at $3,87½@4 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal continues dull, and Penna Meal is nearly nominal at $3,87½ ₩ bbl. A sale of 600 bbls Brandywine was made on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, but prices are unsettled, and 5@7c ₩ bus lower than last week. The demand for milling being very light in the present depressed condition of the Flour market, the sales reach about 25,000 bus in lots, part for export at from 120 to 140c for common to choice reds, mostly at 130@133c for good Penna, including some spring Wheat at 112c; prime Southern at 137@140c, and white at from 140 to 150c, as in quality, the market closing dull. Rye is also dull and lower, with sales of 5000 bus in lots, mostly at 80c for Penna. Corn has been in fair request at about last week's rates, but the market at the close is firm, and prime lots rather scarce. Sales reach nearly 35,000 bus yellow at 65 @67½c for fair to prime lots afloat, and 58@59c for damaged, including some taken on terms kept private. Oats have been dull, only about 12,000 bus found buyers at 42@43c for Penna, and 41@40c for Delaware. Of Malt, we are only advised of a sale of spring Barley Malt at 87½c.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing in articles under this head, owing to the high views of holders, who are very firm in their demands, and Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $18,75@19 ₩ bbl. City mess Beef is steady at $14@15 ₩ bbl, and a limited business doing. A sale of 400 bbls Albarger's was made for shipment, however, on terms kept private. Of Bacon the sales are mostly in small lots, at 10½@12c for plain and fancy Hams, 8½@8¾ for Shoulders, and 10½@10¾c for Sides, cash and time. Green meats are rather scarce, and held above the views of buyers. We quote Hams at 9½@10½c in salt and pickle, Sides 10c, and Shoulders at 7½@8c ₩ lb. Of Lard the sales are light, bbls and tcs selling at 12c and kegs at 12½@ 13c, and the stock light. Butter moves of slowly at 10@12c for solid packed and roll, the latter for prime. Cheese ranges at 10½@11½c ₩ lb, as in quality. Eggs are worth 13c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The late advices from abroad have had a tendency to depress and unsettle the market for this staple, and prices are ¼@½c lower; buyers, however, come forward slowly, and the week's sales only reach some 950 bales, in lots, mostly low grades, which are very irregular, at from 5 to 8c, and ordinary to middling and middling fair uplands and gulfs, at from 9½ to 13½c, cash and time.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron is limited, and prices steady, with further small receipts and sales at $29 for 1st No 1. Of Tanner's Bark sales are making at $15 for Spanish and $12 ₩ cord for chestnut oak.

BEESWAX is firm, and good yellow is wanted at 34c ₩ lb.

COAL—Orders are coming in more freely, and the market is quite active, and firm at quotations.

COFFEE—The market is firm, but quiet, with a very reduced stock to operate in—the receipts being unusually light—and some 3000 bags have been taken in lots at 13¾@13½c for Laguayra, and 12½ @13½c for Rio, including 600 bags St. Domingo at 12½c, ₩ on time. The bulk of the sales were of the former description, of which the stock now consists.

COPPER is dull, and the sales of both sheating and yellow metal are in a small way at quotations.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering or selling, and we quote Western at 48@50c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Of dried fruit, the sales are limited, the season being over. Green fruit promises to be abundant and low.

HEMP is quiet, and without any alteration to note in prices or demand.

HIDES are firmly held, and there are very few arriving or selling. Some 800 Caracas sold from a recent arrival, at 22½c, usual terms. The Porto Cabellos are going to New York.

HOPS continue dull, and the sales small at from 8c to 14c ₩ lb, as in quality.

IRON—Prices are nearly nominal, and the market dull at previous quoted rates. About 1000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal sold in lots at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time, and 800 tons Forge at $20½, cash. Of Scotch Pig, a sale of 200 tons is reported on terms we could not learn. Nothing doing in Blooms or Boiler Iron worthy of notice. Bars and Rails move off slowly at quotations, the demand for both being very light.

LEAD is dull and somewhat unsettled. A small sale of Virginia was made early in the week at equal to $5,00 the 100 lbs, cash, and 2500 pigs Galena on terms not public. Buyers now refuse to pay the former figures.

LEATHER is inactive, and prices the same.—There is some little demand for rough Slaughter, which commands full rates.

LUMBER—There is a good demand for White Pine Boards, and free sales are making at $14@16 for Susquehanna. Shipping Boards are worth $14,50, Yellow Sap $14@16, and Lehigh Hemlock $10,50@11 ₩ M. A cargo of Laths sold at $1,62½ ₩ M.

MOLASSES is dull. There has been more arriving, but most of it is going into store. The only sale we hear of is a cargo of Cardenas, at 24c, on time.

SEEDS remain very inactive, the season being over. There is some demand for Cloverseed, however, which is scarce, and selling in a small way at $4,25@4,50 ₩ bus. Nothing doing in Timothy.—Flaxseed sells on arrival at $1,62 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Brandy and Gin, and about the usual business to note. N E Rum is steady at 35@36c. Whiskey is firmer and more active, with sales of bbls to some extent at 20½c for Penna, and 21@21½c for Western, now held higher, Drudge at 19@19½c, and hhds at 20c.

SUGARS—The firmness noticed at the close of last week induced more activity in the market, and prices were rather better, with sales of some 3000 hhds to note, mostly Cuba and Porto Rico, at 6¾@7¾c for the former, and 7@8½c for the latter, including some small lots New Orleans at 7@7½c, all on time. Some small sales of box Sugars were also made at 7½@9½, the latter for white, on the usual terms, and 5000 bags Brazil, at a price kept private.

TALLOW meets with a limited demand, and city rendered is selling in a small way at 10½c ₩ lb.

TOBACCO—The market remains quiet but without any change to note, and we are only advised of some small sales of Seed Leaf at about previous rates, exact terms not public.

WOOL—There is more activity in the West, and prices rule high there, here there is very little doing, buyers generally holding off for lower prices before operating to any extent, the new clip is coming forward more freely, and we are only advised of a few sales within the range of 30@50c for common to prime fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1500 head. The prices ranged from 8 to 10½c ₩ lb. Cows—174 head were sold at prices varying from $25 to 45, according to quality.—Sheep—3000 were sold at prices varying from 4@ 5½c ₩ lb. 1889 Hogs were sold at from $7,50 to 8,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 16.—FLOUR heavy, sales of 6,000 bbls.—Wheat heavy; 25,000 bus sold at 138@140c for white Western, 122@123c for Milwaukee Club, and 119c for Chicago spring. Corn declined, 20,000 bus sold at 62@64½c for mixed. Pork quiet. Lard firm but quiet. Whiskey drooping; sales at 21½c.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 211—Adults 100, and children 111.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

June 10th, 1860, in Dongola, Union county, Illinois, by E. Levenworth, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM A. MASON, to Miss MARTHA MALINDA FISHER.

On the 18th instant, at St. Matthew's Church, Eighteenth and Girard Avenue, by the Rev. G. Emlen Hare, D. D., LEWIS D. VAIL, Esq. to SUSAN M. daughter of the Hon. Geo. M. Stroud, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, at the Unitarian Church, by the Rev. Dr. Furness, HORACE HOWARD FURNACE, to Miss HELEN KATE, daughter of EVERD ROGERS, Esq.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Clarton, ORLANDO CRESAN, to MARY S. daughter of John W. Patten, both of this city.

By the Rev. J. A. Seiss, June 12th, DANIEL BRENKEN, to Miss SALLIE C. daughter of Nelson J. Nickerson, Esq. both of this city.

At Oak Farm, Montgomery county, Pa on the 12th instant, by Friends' ceremony, GEORGE O. EVANS, of Philadelphia to ELIZABETH, daughter of Thos. Mellor.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM PAGINS, to Miss FRANCIS J. GAINES.

On Tuesday, the 12th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, EDWARD S. WILLING, to ALICE, daughter of J. Rhea Barton, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, MARY W. wife of Jos. P. Brosius, and daughter of John Ely, Attleboro, Bucks county, in her 20th year.

In Smyrna, Delaware, on Tuesday morning, June 12th, SARAH CORBIT, wife of Presley Spruance, aged 66 years.

In San Francisco, May 4th, B. MORGAN ELDRIDGE, formerly of this city, aged about 40 years.

Suddenly, on Saturday, June 9th, WILLIAM G. LYBRAND.

On seventh-day evening, the 9th instant, at his residence, Springfield, Illinois, CHARLES S. CORNRAD, formerly of this city.

On Monday morning, the 11th instant, Mr. GEO. W. ULMER, in his 25th year.

On Saturday morning, the 9th instant, at his country seat, Warren, Chester Valley, Pa. EUGENE CUMMISKEY, Publisher, in his 58th year.

On the 12th instant, Mr. JOHN G. SHOWAKER, Sr. in his 47th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JAMES TRAINER, aged 62 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ISABELLA WARDELL, wife of Thos. Wardell, aged 38 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

LOANS.	Bid	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1858		
" " '62	108	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 ct coupon '74	103½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	104½	105
" " new	103½	104
" 5 "	88	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	96	—
" " coupon	92	93
Allegh City 6 pr ct	68	73
" " County	92	95
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	96½	97
Penn 5 "	81½	82
" 5 " coupon	90	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	85½	—
Ohio " 1862	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	98½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's-5	114	116

BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	143	142
Philadelphia	113	—
Far & Mec	57	—
Commercial	80	—
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	28½	57
Southwark	52	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	60	—
Girard	—	46½
Western	63	64
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	65½	—
City	63	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	31	32½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	80
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange	98	—
Kentucky, Ky	125	126
Northern "	105	—
Louisville "	85	—
Farmers "	118	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	91½	92
Planters "	—	102
N O Gas Light	180	200
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	1½	1¾
New Creek	—	4
New Grenada	—	4
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	97½
Southwark and Frankford R R	52½	54
Bonds	92	95

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	101½	—
2nd "	93½	90½
" stock	39½	39¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1854	—	95
" stock	136	139
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	84½
mort 6's '44	102½	102¾
" '56	74½	75
" stock	29½	30½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	89½	93
" stock	50	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	43	44
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R, '73	95½	—
Texas R R	7½	—
Wil'ms & Elmira 1st mort	67	70
2nd "	13½	—
" stock	1	1½
Catawissa	½	1
Beaver Meadow stock	62½	64½
preferred 10 pr ct	88	—
North Penn's R R stock	8	9½
6 pr ct loan	70½	71
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	46	49
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	61½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	12	15
Long Island R R stock	13½	13¾
bonds	85	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—

CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	75	75½
imp. 6 pr ct	80	—
stock	—	34
preferred	20½	20¾
Lehigh Nav stock	54½	54¾
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	34½	35
Morris Consol'd	56½	56¾
preferred	112	114
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater	34	4
bonds, 1878	30½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW YORK.	
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis
MAINE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
VERMONT.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks	¾ to 1 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	¾ to 1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	¾ dis
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	1 to 2 dis

MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
OHIO.	
Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1 to 1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	2½ dis
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	2½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
Old bks	1½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	2½ dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
IOWA.	
State bk	2½ dis
KANSAS.	
Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
MINNESOTA.	
Bank St. Paul	5 dis
CANADA.	
Solv bks	1 dis
FLORIDA.	
State bk	1 dis

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"Danesbury, my wife says you must all dine with us to-day."

"We are engaged to Mrs. St. George."

"That's not fair," returned Mr. Serle; "Charlotte had you last time. You must promise us for to morrow."

"I hope to get this business arranged to-morrow, in time to go back to Eastborough."

"Not a bit of it," laughed Mr. Serle. "You don't know Knighton and Jukes, if you think they are going to get over business in that style. They are the slowest practitioners in London."

Mr. Danesbury went out. Mr. Serle stood with his back to the fire-place for a moment before returning to his own room, whilst his junior partner sat down to his writing-table.

"What a scamp that Robert Danesbury is getting!" uttered Mr. Serle.

Mr. St. George looked up.

"He has been signing bills wholesale. Must have done it when he was drunk, I say. He will be got out of this mess, but Danesbury will have future trouble with him, as sure as my name's Mat Serle."

"Does he drink much?"

"He must. His looks and his shaking hands bespeak it. Besides, he could not be squandering away the money that he is, unless drink played its full share. I smelled it strong this morning, when we were speaking to him; I don't know whether Danesbury did. I think the very demon of mischief possesses the young men. There's Charley got into a scrape at college, through some drunken bout, and a whole lot of money and worry it will take, to get him straight."

"Your son Charles, do you mean?" questioned St. George, in surprise.

"He, and no other. I had letters from Oxford this morning, one from Mr. Charles, and one from his tutor. A pretty parson he'll make! And the companions that help him out, pretty parsons they will make? I wonder the heads of the University don't find means to stop these, their embryo clergymen, from making animals of themselves. They ought. The colleges should be models of morality."

"There is as much drinking going on at Oxford and Cambridge as there is elsewhere," observed Mr. St. George.

"One may slave and slave for ever to little purpose," irritably continued the senior partner. "There's Danesbury, working and laying by, in his line; and I am doing the same in mine. Where's the use? If our children are to spend faster than we gain, where's the profit?"

Mr. St. George was biting the end of a pen, listening, and ruminating.

"I have begun to think lately," he observed, "that the most fortunate position a young man can be placed in, is to have no expectations; no money to depend on; nothing but his own exertions. I had nothing else, and the knowledge kept me steady, and I got on. The Danesburys think that they have their father's money to fly to, your sons think the same; perhaps if they knew there was nothing, they would lead different lives."

Mr. Serle looked cross and vexed. His hands were in his pockets, and he was rattling the silver in them. His sons had given him some trouble, though not, as yet, to a great extent.

"Has Cargill been here?" he suddenly asked.

"No; but Lord Temple has."

"What did he want?"

"The old errand. Money raised."

"I should like to know what upon," crabbedly retorted Mr. Serle. He has pretty nearly drained himself dry."

"He wants £3,000 by the 25th of the month."

"How much?" was Mr. Serle's astonished rejoinder.

"£3,000."

"Why, what has he been at, to want that?" he resumed, after a pause.

"Play," was the short answer.

"There's another nice specimen for you, his lordship of Temple," sarcastically cried Mr Serle. "Money, money, money, nothing but money; have it, he will; and when he has got it, throws it away like water. Well, if he does choose to reduce himself to poverty, he must do it: it is no affair of mine. By when, do you say?"

"The 25th. Can it be raised?"

"Oh, it can be raised—this can; but I can tell him there will soon be nothing left to raise upon. What possessed him to be such a madman as to lose £3,000 at play?"

"He was drunk when he did it," returned Mr. St. George. "Drunk, when he played, and drunk when he gave his acknowledgment of the debt.

"There it is again! there's the evil. Charles pleads drunkenness as the cause of his embarrassment; Robert Danesbury owes his to drink. I wish all the filthy liquor was at the bottom of the sea!"

Probably Mr. Serle forgot, as he spoke, that he partook pretty plentifully himself, every day.

"It would be all the better for some people," acquiesced Mr. St. George, in his quiet tone.

"To go and lose £3,000 at play! He is mad."

"He says he was perfectly senseless. Knew nothing about it then, and remembers nothing now."

"Nonsense, St. George! If a man is sane enough to play, and sign for his losses, he is sane enough to remember it."

The same reflection had struck Mr. St. George. Yet Lord Temple's word was strictly honorable.

Mr. Serle nodded his head, several little nods successively, as if he were at a loss for words.

"It is fine to be these noble blades. What a way of getting out of money! Disgraceful! Who holds the acknowledgment?"

"Swallowtail."

"Who?" sharply repeated Mr. Serle.

"Swallowtail!"

"Swallowtail!" uttered Mr. Serle. "How can noblemen lower themselves to associate with such a man? He would not be tolerated at their houses. But he is a clever man! Ay, not a man in the profession, or out of it, has keener brains than he. If the money was lost to Swallowtail—'ware Temple! for he must pay it to the hour."

Later, as Mr. Danesbury was standing by Charing Cross, on his way from Parliament street, Lord Temple and his cab came driving by. The young nobleman saw him, and pulled up.

"Whither are you bound?" he inquired, when salutations were over.

"To Bedford Row," replied Mr. Danesbury.

"Allow me to drive you," said Lord Temple. "Get up behind," he added to his servant. So the man got out of the cab, and Mr. Danesbury got in.

"I am delighted to have met you," exclaimed Lord Temple, slackening the reins. "I have a petition to prefer to you, though I fear you will not entertain it."

"What is it?" said Mr. Danesbury.

"I am ashamed to ask it," returned Lord Temple, with a heightened color. "I had better bring it out without any softening," he added, in a sort of desperation. "The fact is, sir, I want you to give me Isabel at once, and I have nothing to keep her on."

A pause of some minutes. Lord Temple's whip gently played with his horse's ears. He was intrenched in all the pride and prejudices of his rank, as Mr St. George had remarked, and really believed that it was little short of an insult to Isabel, to make her, at the present moment, Lady Temple.

"What do you call 'nothing?'" asked Mr. Danesbury.

"A thousand or fifteen hundred a-year, or so. It is all that can be screwed from my estates. Do you think Isabel would risk it?"

"Not if her heart be set upon opera boxes and court diamonds."

The young nobleman looked round at Mr. Danesbury in surprise. "St. George has been talking to you, sir."

"Yes, he has," replied Mr. Danesbury. "I went into Serle's just after you left, and St. George, in doubt, I believe, whether I should think he had done right, told me what he had been recommending."

Lord Temple scarcely breathed.

"Do you approve of it?" he asked at length.

"I think it would be a far happier life, both for you and Isabel, than the one you are leading; and I should entirely approve of it, but for one thing."

"What is that, sir?"

"St. George spoke of your extravagant evening habits. He did not enter into them, but I can give a guess at what they are. Unfortunately, I am getting experienced in the evil indulgences of a London life. Are you sure, sure beyond doubt, that you can put these entirely and forever aside? Morally sure in your own heart, resolutely sure in your own self-reliance, under help from, and trust in, your Creator? Unless you are, I will not consent to give you my daughter. My lord, I trust implicitly to your honor for a truthful answer."

Excitement flashed into the face of Lord Temple, eagerness to his eye, as he grasped the hand of Mr. Danesbury.

"So long as I am alone," he said, "I must keep up, in some measure, my evening habits; but, from the moment that I am a married man, I forswear them. Nothing, no temptation, were it likely that such could be then offered me, would induce me to rejoin my present wild companions; I would not so far wrong my wife and myself. On my honor as a British nobleman, on my sacred word, sir, I tell you truth."

"Then, Lord Temple, you shall have Isabel."

They reached Bedford Row. Mr. Danesbury went in, and Mr. St. George came out.

"Has anything been done?" he whispered. "Have you said anything to Mr. Danesbury."

"I have said all," was Lord Temple's answer, whilst a radiant expression sat upon his countenance; "and he thinks as you do, that it will be the best thing. I shall be ever grateful to you, St. George, for suggesting it to me."

"I think you might have suggested it to yourself, all these wasted years. But, Lord Temple, I have all but passed my word to Mr. Danesbury, that with your marriage, your reckless habits shall cease."

Lord Temple bent his head forward and looked full in the face of Mr. St. George.

"I have sworn that they shall. Be easy."

"Good. Have you seen Isabel?"

"No; she was out. I am going up again. I suppose you will give your permission now," he added, with a merry glance.

Mr. St. George returned it.

"I would say, come and dine with us to-day at six, only that there's sure to be a plain dinner; nothing fit to set before a viscount."

"Thank you," laughed Lord Temple; "I will be sure to come. Bread and cheese will do, if there's nothing else." And once more Lord Temple whirled away.

Some ladies were waiting in the front drawing-room of a handsome house, contiguous to Hyde Park, on that hot July evening. It was getting close to the dinner hour. Mrs. St. George, grown into a perfect little dumpling since her marriage, sat on a low chair, nursing a young gentleman in long, white petticoats; another gentleman, in short full velvet ones, the very shape of a fan, was making himself troublesome in all parts of the room; and a little girl, in a pink embroidered frock, had seated herself on the carpet. Mrs. Danesbury, wearing a lavender muslin dress and a cross look, was at one of the windows, and Isabel had knelt to play with the little girl. Her form was elegant, her bearing stately, as of old, but a somewhat sad look had settled upon her lovely face. The light of the sun shone on the smooth bands of her chestnut hair, and her blue eyes were dancing with merriment at the little lady's queer attempts to talk. She wore a light blue silk dress, with a gold chain and golden bracelets. They had been out shopping all the afternoon—Mrs. and Miss Danesbury's chief object, in accompanying Mr. Danesbury to town.

"You look tired, Aunt Eliza," cried Mrs. St. George.

"I am vexed," peevishly returned Mrs. Danesbury. "I thought Robert and Lionel would have been here to see me before this."

"How do you know they may not have called while we were out, mamma?" interposed Isabel. "Have you inquired?"

"No," snappishly replied Mrs. Danesbury. "Had they called, I should have been told of it."

"Servants forget sometimes," observed Mrs. St. George. "Walter, darling, come and ring the bell."

"Shan't," was lisped from the far end of the room.

"Oh! come and ring it for mamma."

"No," responded Master Walter, who was at some mischief with the pedals of the piano.

Isabel laughed, rose, and rang it. And the servant, in answer to inquiries, said that none of the Danesburys had called.

"Are you sure?" cried Mrs. Danesbury, turning sharply on the man.

"Quite sure, ma'am. No one has been, but one gentleman, and he called twice. He asked for Miss Danesbury, and his cab had a coronet on it."

"No need to wonder who that was, Isabel," smiled Mrs. St. George, as the servant retired. "I am sorry you were out."

"Ugh!" grunted Mrs. Danesbury, "no great compliment. If he would fix the marriage, it would be more to the purpose. I know this, if a gentleman asked me to be his wife, and then kept shilly-shallying, off and on, for years, he might keep his calls to himself. His affection for Isabel looks more like moonshine than reality."

There was an awkward silence. Kind Mrs. St. George was wondering what she could say to soften down the speech, and Isabel's heart beat visibly, when Mr. St. George entered.

"Has Mr. Danesbury got back yet?" he asked.

"No, he hasn't," returned Mrs. Danesbury. "Have you seen Robert?"

"I have not. I believe he has."

"It is very strange the boys could not call here. Unless Mr. Danesbury, with his stupid memory, forgot to say that we had come to town with him."

Isabel looked quickly up: longing to say that her dear father's memory was not stupid. But she rarely cared to enter the contradiction lists with Mrs. Danesbury.

The children were pulling Mr. St. George about, screaming and talking. "That's just like you, Charlotte," cried he, "filling the room with these little brats, to deafen your visitors." But he nevertheless took up the "little brats," and kissed them fondly.

"Have you been whipped to-day, Walter?"

"No, 'pa."

"I shall never teach mamma what's good for you: I know you have deserved it. There, run along. Isabel, step into this room with me. None of you, remember. Charlotte, call the children. I want to talk secrets with Isabel."

The back drawing-room was empty, and he closed the door between the two rooms. "Isabel," he began, "have you seen Lord Temple?"

"No."

"Then what will you give me *for* some news?"

She made no reply.

"I have been talking with Lord Temple to-day. He had got it into his head that you would not marry him unless he had a nobleman's allowance—which is any sum you may please to mention from ten thousand a-year, upwards—and I told him I thought he was mistaken: that you did not consider an army of footmen essential, or a mansion in Grosvenor Square. So I believe—now do not look so scared and conscious, or I will not tell!—I believe he means to ask you to take him as he is."

Isabel did look very conscious, if not scared: but at that moment there was a thundering peal at the house-door.

"I thought I would whisper it to you, for you have been kept in suspense long enough: much longer than you should have been, had I been your nearest relative. May heaven bless you, Isabel, and render your wedded life happy; and more prolonged than was your poor mother's!"

Mr. St. George went out of the room by the door leading to the stair-case, leaving Isabel in agitation. The news was indeed sudden, and her chest was heaving wildly. Mr. St. George encountered some one on the stairs, and then came back, as Isabel supposed, into the room. He closed the door and advanced to her, but she was leaning with her elbow on the mantle-piece, her fingers shading her eyes. In another moment, two white, aristocratic hands were laid on her shoulders, and she looked up. A faint cry of surprise, and Lord Temple clasped her to him.

"No, no; stay here. It will soon be your own legal resting place. My dearest, this suspense is to end, for I am to have you, poor as I stand. Your father has consented. Will you consent?"

She did not answer. Only let fall a few happy tears, and remained passively where he had placed her.

"It is not as it ought to have been," he continued to whisper, "but they say you will be content to risk it, until things come round. What I cannot give in riches, I will make up in love, Isabel."

"Worth far more than the other," she murmured.

"My darling! may you ever think so!"

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. St. George entered so quickly that Isabel had no time to draw away. Viscount Temple raised his face, placed her arm within his, and stood there with her, proud, calm, self-possessed. Mr. St. George came following his wife quickly.

"Now, Charlotte! what can you possibly want?"

"I—I thought it was only you," stammered Mrs. St. George. "I did not know Lord Temple was here."

"Did I not tell you I had secrets to discuss with Isabel?" remonstrated Mr. St. George, with mock seriousness, while his wife looked from one to the other, and Lord Temple laughed to see her bewilderment. "What is there for dinner to-day?" continued Mr. St. George.

"For dinner!" she echoed.

"Because Lord Temple will do us the honor to partake of it."

"Oh—if I had but known! Though indeed I am very proud and pleased to see your Lordship," she added, in her good-natured way. "Only I would have had something better; something different, I mean."

"I bargained for bread-and-cheese," said Lord Temple, "so, if there should be anything more substantial than that, it will come as a surprise."

"Bread-and-cheese!" repeated Mrs. St. George.

"*Is* it bread and-cheese!" gravely questioned her husband.

"How stupid you are, Walter! But it is a very plain dinner. I wish I had known."

"Is it suet dumplings?" continued Mr. St. George.

"Walter! then, it is a salmon, and a piece of roast beef. Nothing else in the world, except some pastry."

"We shall not fast, it seems," said Lord Temple. "It is a dinner for a prince."

"You are both laughing," she returned. "You are also laughing, Isabel. You must all have some secret."

"Which you shall know very shortly, dear Mrs. St. George, and the world also," answered Lord Temple.

Mr. Danesbury and William arrived, and they sat down to dinner. When the cloth was removed, the troublesome Master Walter and his sister were brought in. Mrs. Danesbury took the boy on her knee, and after supplying him with fruit, and other good things from the dessert, held her glass of port wine to his lips, that he might sip it. Mr. St. George immediately placed his hand over the glass.

"No wine for the child, Mrs. Danesbury."

"Just a little sip," said she. "That rich cake must have made him thirsty."

"No wine," repeated Mr. St. George, in an unmistakable tone, as he poured out some water and handed it to the boy. "My children do not drink it."

Isabel, who was on the other side Mr. St. George, between him and Lord Temple, presently took occasion to whisper:

"Have you adopted Arthur's theory?"

"I have adopted your mamma's," replied Mr. St. George. "The evening that I dined with her at Mr. Serle's, many years ago now, the fatal evening of the accident, I heard her speak of the duty a parent owes a child, to encourage in him the love of pure water. It made a strong impression on me, and I inwardly resolved, if ever I had children, that it should be carried out. That boy has never tasted wine or beer yet, and I do not intend that he shall. Charlotte will tell you the same."

"You are drinking wine yourself," said Isabel.

"Yes: I was not brought up to drink water," significantly responded Mr. St. George. "But I do not exceed, Isabel."

There was an interruption ere he had well spoken. Lionel Danesbury entered. A good-looking, pleasant young man, something like William—curious that it should be so, for William resembled chiefly his own mother. Lionel was not tall, scarcely reaching the middle height. He was in high spirits, and seemed very well.

"A pretty dance I have had after you, Lionel," cried Mr. Danesbury. "Four times I was at your rooms to-day, and could not find you in."

"I was at the hospital, sir. Thank you, Mrs. St. George, I have dined. I did not get the note, my father left, till six o'clock, so I went and had a chop first, for I knew you would have finished. How well you are looking, Isabel!"

A remark that made Isabel color very much. Lionel sat down by his mother, and Mr. St. George passed him the wine.

"Good gracious, Lionel," cried Mrs. Danesbury, in a whisper, "how you do smell of tobacco smoke! What can make you smoke so much?"

"Ah," laughed he, good humoredly, "put you in my place, mother, in the dissecting-room, and you'd smoke, yourself. I don't wish to upset you over St. George's dinner-table; but I should, if I were to tell you of the work we have to do there. A medical student must smoke in self-defence."

"When shall you pass, Lionel?"

"In the spring. Pass the Royal College of Surgeons—not the physicians, you know, yet."

"Of course not. And where do you think of setting up?"

"In London, of course. I intend to be a great man before I die, mother; and I hope you'll live to see it. 'Sir Lionel Danesbury, baronet, M. D., Physician to her Majesty, the Queen.' Nothing less than the top of the tree will content me. Especially when I get a peer for my brother-in-law."

"Well, Lionel, I see no reason why you should not rise to the top," returned Mrs. Danesbury, as she looked at the merry eyes that glanced at hers over the glass of wine which he was drinking. "You have every advantage: ten times more than most young medical men have. If you will but be steady."

"Oh, I shall be steady enough," laughed Lionel.

Later in the evening, it was nearly eleven o'clock in fact, and when they had given up hopes of seeing Robert, they heard an arrival. Mrs. Danesbury's face lighted up.

"There's Robert!" she exclaimed. "It is sure to be he."

Voices were hushed, and eyes turned to the door in expectation. But no Robert appeared; neither he nor anybody else. The hum of talking recommenced, and Mrs. Danesbury had flung herself back in her chair in angry disappointment, when a servant threw wide the door.

"Mr. Robert Danesbury."

Something exceedingly brilliant loomed in, throwing the room and everybody in it into the shade. It was Robert, in full regimentals. He had been attending an official dinner, from which he said he could not get away earlier. The delay, in mounting the stairs, had been occasioned by his stopping in the hall to take off his sword. He was the least good-looking of the four sons, for he inherited Mrs. Danesbury's cross look and her cold eyes, but he was nearly as tall as William, and made a fine, upright soldier. Dressed as he was now, people were apt to say, What a handsome man! Mrs. Danesbury's heart warmed to him, and a glow of pride ran through her veins and greeted the regimentals.

"But, Robert," she whispered, "what is this, that we hear of you? That you are requiring dreadful habits, and get out of money, as if it were dross."

"Tush, mother! If you believe that, you'll believe anything," returned the lieutenant. "What dreadful habits, pray?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Danesbury. "But your father worries himself to fiddlestrings over it, and Arthur looks as glum as he can look. You and Lionel are ruining them, they say."

"Of course they must grumble: such staid old codgers always do. If I do exceed my allowance a little, I can't help it: I must be like my brother officers. And you know they make money wholesale at the works, so they need not grudge a tithe of it to me."

"You might be more careful, Robert."

Robert smiled.

"So my father said to me to-day; made me promise it, in fact; so I suppose I must be. Don't let them frighten you, mother. I am all right; but gentlemen must live as gentlemen."

A very self-apparent axiom to the mind of Mrs. Danesbury. She looked at her two sons, at the splendid Robert, the merry-hearted Lionel, till all she possessed of maternal pride glowed within her—and it was no slight share.

"I don't believe half the croaking tales told of them," she whispered to herself. "They would not look so well, and be so merry, if they were going the wrong way. Folks are envious of them, it's my belief. It's true they do get out of money, Robert sadly, but I daresay he can't help it, and those works are like a mine of wealth."

"Isabel, my child," whispered Mr. Danesbury, as he kissed her, when the evening was over, "I consented, because I think it will be better and happier for both you and Lord Temple. I have done it for the best, and I pray that it may prove so in the end."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GIPSIES.

Gipsies are a very singular race. Their manners and customs are the same in all parts of the world, though somewhat modified by circumstances; the language they speak among themselves, and of which they are particularly anxious to keep others in ignorance, is in all countries one and the same, though subjected more or less to modification; and, lastly, their countenances exhibit a decidedly family resemblance, but are darker or fairer, according to the temperature of the climate, but invariably darker, at least in Europe, than the natives of the country in which they dwell; for example, England and Russia, Germany and Spain.

The names by which they are known differ with the country, though, with one or two exceptions, not materially; for example, they are styled in Russia *Zigani*; in Turkey or Persia *Zingeri*; and in Germany *Zigeuner*; all which words apparently spring from the same root, which there is no improbability in supposing to be *Zincali*, a term by which these people, especially those of Spain, sometimes designate themselves, and the meaning of which is believed to be *The Black Men of Egypt or Ind*. In England and Spain they are commonly known as *Gipsies* and *Gitanos*, from a general belief that they were originally Egyptians, to which the two words are tantamount; and in France as *Bohemiens*, from the circumstance that Bohemia was the first country in civilized Europe where they made their appearance, though there is every reason for believing that they had been wandering in the remote regions in Sclavonia for a considerable time previous, as their language abounds with words of Sclavonic origin.

But they generally style themselves, and the language which they speak, *Rommany*, a Sanscrit word, which signifies *husbands*. This appellation is, perhaps, the more applicable to them than any other. They have no love and no affection beyond their own race; they are capable of making great sacrifices for each other, and they gladly prey upon all the rest of the human species, whom they detest, and by whom they are hated and despised.

There is scarcely a part of the habitable world where they are not to be found. Their tents are alike pitched on the heaths of Brazil and the ridges of the Himalayan hills; their language is heard equal at Moscow as at Madrid; and their pilferings are carried on in the suburbs of London and in the environs of Constantinople.

☞ In a recent volume of poems, Mr. Ernest Jones thus defines the master passion of the human soul:

"What is love? It is the striving
Of two spirits to be one;
Sweetness hungering after sweetness,
Want that thirsteth for completeness;
Planets twain decreed to be
Each other's dear necessity,
Each from each its light deriving
Till they melt into a sun."

☞ Remembering that the initials of Mr. Douglas are S. A. D., the reader will say that the following, which we clip from the Albany Statesman, is not bad:

Little Dog will be *sadly* affected,
Whate'er his political lot;
He'll remain S. A. D. if elected,
And be S. A. D. if he's not!

☞ The odorous matter of flowers is inflammable, and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark their odor is dismissed, but restored in the light, and it is strongest in sunny climates. The plant known as the *fraxmelia* takes fire in hot evenings by bringing a flame near its roots.

☞ An old man said—"For a long time I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture until at last I came to the conclusion that reading the Bible was like *eating fish*. When I find a difficulty, I lay it aside and call it a bone. Why should I choke on the bone, when there is so much nutritious meat?"

☞ The New Haven Register said that prize fights were encouraged by the Jews, but on being pushed for the authority, said it copied the item from some other paper, and added: "We shall dodge behind 'that passage of Scripture,' which says 'two shall be grinding at a *mill*.' That's all we know about it."

THE OCCUPATION OF WOMEN.

They are happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say, in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that this occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, calls forth more faculties, and exercises and disciplines them more perfectly, than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the industrial avocations out of doors. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence and conduct of business that anything like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labor and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes which calls for more varied faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the workshop. Every woman must govern more or less in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not an easy thing, nor are servants and children the easiest things to govern. But the nature of women specially adapts them to govern; not, indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas, but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are entirely uncultivated, show a power and a breadth of capacity in administering their households, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.—*Pages and Essays by the late William Caldwell Roscoe.*

The Old World and the New.—The author of the recently published "Hand book to Europe," makes the following comments on matters of interest to travellers. The writer has had the experience of years in travelling over the greater part of the Old World, and gives the results of diligent inquiry into the latest changes and improvements in all that concerns locomotion, hotel accommodations, and the peculiar "sights" of the chief places of interest:—

There are hotels in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, etc., which no hotels on the European continent can approach for comfort, elegance, and an abundant table. In America the seaboard cities have their restaurants, stores, and theatres which, in point of splendor, wealth, accommodation and talent, are unapproachable in London, and not often exceeded elsewhere. There are some educational establishments in the United States which will safely bear a comparison with the best in Europe, and the military college at West Point has no rival except in France and Austria. There are not many private houses in the great cities of the Eastern hemisphere which exceed in the appliances of life, and even in its elegances, the abodes of the wealthier classes of the Western. These facts are confidently stated that the traveller may not waste his hours in fruitless investigations, or in taking that superficial view of things which fails to leave an impression even on the most sensitive minds. It is not meant to assert that certain objects are not worth seeing at all because they cannot be diligently examined. There are many things in Europe which persons of quick apprehension can realize at a glance, and which, at all events, serve as pleasant souvenirs when they have returned to their homes. Facts and objects photographed on the mental retina often form better illustrations of books than the most careful engravings.

☞ Lord Meadowbank's Love of Study.—Sir Harry Moncrieff, who was present at his marriage, told me that the knot was tied about seven in the evening, and that at a later hour the bridegroom disappeared, and, on being sought for, was found absorbed in the composition of an essay on "Pains and Penalties."—*Lord Cockburn's Memoirs.*

☞ The more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for us and others. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to leave him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.

Frightful Accident.—A Girl Tied to a Cow's Tail and Dragged to Death.—A terrible accident occurred in the town of Delhi, Delaware county, a week ago yesterday, which resulted in the death of a little girl seven years old. The parties to the sad occurrence were William Scott, a lad seventeen years old, and his half sister, Elizabeth Doby, the victim. The boy had been sent to take the cows to pasture, the little girl accompanying him. He had with him a piece of rope, with which he was to bring back some hay. On his way he playfully tied one end of the rope around the body of his sister, and the other end to the cow's tail. When the cow had proceeded a short distance in this way, followed by the girl, the latter stumbled and fell, which so frightened the cow that she ran off at a furious rate, dragging the poor girl after her. After running some distance the girl's head struck a solid rock, crushing in the skull, and at the same time the cow's tail pulled out, so great was the force of resistance. The girl was also badly cut around the face, neck and head. She was taken up by the boy and carried home, where she breathed but two or three times before expiring. The boy is said to be rather deficient in intellect, and it is supposed that he did not realize the imminent danger in which his sister was placed by his mischievous conduct.—*Rochester Union.*

Ada Byron.—The New York Tribune, under the head of Foreign Gossip, makes this statement in regard to Byron's daughter:

"Lady Byron lately never mixed in society, and even some twelve years since looked completely broken. She possessed a highly cultivated mind, which she trained under the severest discipline of mathematics, of which science she was passionately fond. Her daughter, "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," inherited this passion, but, unfortunately for herself, carried it into a dangerous field. For some years, wholly unknown to her husband, she had, through an agent, a Mr. Kreelake, bet large sums on the turf, and was, down to Teddington's year, a large winner. Lured on by her success, and doubtless hoping to make a large coup, she ventured out of her depth, and laid immense sums against the horse Teddington. At the settling, Mr. Kreelake being unable to pay his debts, the story had to be told. Lord Lovelace, with unbending honor, paid the whole amount, somewhere near £60,000, but Lady Lovelace never recovered from the pain and suffering this exposure brought, and died in Italy soon after.

Wit and Humor.

A SOLUM ADDRESS TER MI MUSTASH.

Oh, thou preshus little bunch of capillary!
I'm settin fore a glass; or, moar
Bifalsitinly speakin, a mirror, lookin
Rite at yew, viewen yure stupenjus (over the left)
Propotions, with a critike i. Yes, yer ar
Very hugs; 'bout as long as a flea's leg.
Why don't yer gro sum, an' look
Like tother peeples? you good fur nuthin'
Little cretur. Aint yer shamed ter
Set rite thar, in front uv mi face
That wai and not gro sum, whyle
Everybody's makin' plum uv yer.
Yer culler aint none 2 purty
Neither. Kind uv a sandy yaller
Reddish hue, mixt with a beetle whyte.
Oh, thou
Delicat bunsh uv har, I'll tell yer
What's ther fas, ef yer don't gro faster
Nor what yer hav bin groin, I'll talk
Yer rite over ter bil terril, the barber,
An' maik him black yer jist as
Black as a nigger, an' then you'll
Look swete, won't yer? An ef yer
Git ter cuttin up about me, I'll haul
Out that thar ole white razor uv myne,
An' jist slash yer rite orf. Then what'll
Becum ov yer? who will yer have ter
Talk yer roun' town and sho yer orf, then?
Sal, who will yer hav ter take yer ter
The sureus and theater, an' ter sea
The gals, &c.? Why, nohoddis. Yer'l be
Left in the suds. No person will
Evur trubul themselves 'bout yer like
Eye hav, ole hoss, so yer better pitch
In an' gro sum!

HOW I SHOT MY FIRST DUCK,

And What Sort of a Duck It Was.

In the morning, when the light was about the color of a gray cat in a cellar, Tim roused me up, and we sallied forth. We marched silently along shore, "looking sharp" through the reeds, Tim constantly whispering me to "keep my eyes skinned." The gun felt very heavy, and in that peculiar light looked about fifteen feet long. On we strode, my pulse going like that of a volunteer at Buena Vista. Suddenly says Tim, softly—

"Ah, there's a chance, by Jove! Now, my boy, all ready?"

"Eh, chance! where, at what?"

Tim put his fingers on his lips, and making me crouch down, pointed through the reeds. In a minute, sure enough, I saw a duck gracefully bobbing up and down, about fifty yards off, or less. I became awfully excited.

"Let, let me shoot him, Tim!"

"Certainly; crack away."

I knelt down; my fingers trembled like those of a surgeon at his first operation. The duck looked about the size of a turkey gobbler to my distorted vision. It was a fearful moment. However, I recovered myself by a resolute effort, brought the gun up, took a long, murderous aim, my fingers pressed the trigger, whang! I beheld the sky, and fourteen hundred thousand stars perpendicularly before me. Upon examination, I found this phenomenon was occasioned by my horizontal position on my back, combined with the concussion of the shot.

"You've hit him!" cried Tim. "He's wounded. Quick, quick, take my gun, while I load yours."

I looked at my weapon. I had fired both barrels at once. I looked at the duck; he was bobbing up and down violently. Considerably bewildered, I, however, seized Tim's gun, resumed my position, took another deadly aim, and fired.

"T'other barrel! Quick! or he's off!" cried Tim.

Bang!

"By George! you've missed him! He's—no, he can't fly! See him spin round! Here, give him one more. Mind, aim carefully!—Now!"

Bang! fiz-z-z! bang! I saw the sky, and one thousand more planets than before.—When I arose, that diabolical duck was still there, spinning round more merrily than ever.

"Tim," said I, "that duck is remarkably tenacious of life."

"Ye—yes. The fact is, ducks *are* generally, especially canvas-backs; they are called so on account of the thickness of their skin. I am convinced that's a canvas-back."

"Tim," said I, "I'll take the skiff and shove out there and get him. You wait here. He's nearly gone now."

"Yes, I'll go back to the house and order breakfast. Our shots have spoiled further sport for this morning. I'll have things ready by the time you get back."

And without waiting for remonstrance, Tim walked rapidly off.

I got in the skiff, shoved out, reached the duck (who appeared, as I advanced, to have his head entirely shot off), picked it up, and found that—*it was a decoy!* My remarks to Tim, upon rejoining him at the hotel, I have, upon reflection, concluded to omit.

No Danger of a Mob.—"Come here, Pompy," said a darkey to a similar specimen of animated nature, the other day, "I wants to propose to you a question which hab lately discolated my understanding. Spose I marries a yaller gal, and lubs her bery much; and some day I gets sick, and dies, and goes to Heaben, and arter a while anoder nigger cums 'long and marries my old woman, and lubs her too; now I wants to know, arter dey both die, and cum to heaben, which of us is to have my wench?"

Pompy stood thoughtfully for a moment, then looking Snowball in the face, and reverently shaking his head, replied,

"My frien', if your wife and her man go to de good land, you need hab no fears, for you won't be dar to pick any muss!"

☞ Singular Prayer.—A clergyman invited to open a session of the Charleston Convention with prayer, commenced in this singular way: "O, God! Thou who art *pleased to consider Thyself* as the fountain of all wisdom, look down," &c.

THE BOOT MOVEMENT.

Lady (*who has been promenading.*)—I wonder how the men ever get these plaguy things off.

THE BACHELOR AND THE LACE VEIL.

A gentleman who had lost a bet with a lady, having heard her say that she had lost a lace veil which she prized very much, thought that he would pay the debt and "do the polite thing" by purchasing a new veil of the quality, and presenting it to his fair creditor.

It must be stated, for a proper understanding of what followed, that the gentleman was a bachelor of long standing, and a man of little information touching the world of "fancy goods," though a proficient in sugar, cotton, and provision speculation.

He accordingly stepped into a fashionable milliner's establishment, and asked to see a lace veil of fine quality.

"Here is one, Monsieur," said the amiable priestess at the head of the temple.

"How much is it?"

"It is only fifty, sair."

"What! only fifty? Dear me! I thought those things were exceedingly dear. If that is all they cost, I do not wonder at the ladies being fond of wearing such flimsy knick-knacks. Only fifty! Show me something better."

The priestess stared. The bachelor remained perfectly cool. Here was a god-send—a man who wanted something better, dearer—more veils—lace ones—were displayed.

"Dis is only sixtee, sair, and dis one only seventy-five."

"Dear me! only seventy-five! Well, that is wonderful, to be sure! It is a very pretty article, I see, but can't you show me something better?"

"No, sair; dis is the most dear—de *plus cher article* in de citee."

"You don't say so! Well, well, who would have thought it? These women—they always were a mystery since the days of Adam. Give me the change for a dollar—in quarters."

The milliner did so.

"I'll take this one," said the simple-minded bachelor, folding up the seventy-five veil.—"Give me a quarter, and keep the seventy-five for yourself. Dear me, how cheap!"

"I no see the seventy-five, sair—you have no handed them to me," said the milliner.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the bachelor, smiling, "there they are on the counter," pointing to the three quarters.

"Dis!" said the milliner, with an astonished look.

"That!" said the bachelor, more smiling than ever, preparing to put the veil in his pocket.

"*Ah, Mon Dieu.* De man *fou*—crack brain. I tell you, Monsieur, dat article de most dear in de citee. You no understan me—you no understan Inglish! De most dear, I tell you—seventy-five dollar!"

"What!" said the bachelor, turning rather pale, and dropping the veil as if it had suddenly turned into a coal of fire in his hands, "seventy-five dollars!"

"Yes, sair, and very sheap at dat!"

"Seventy-five dollars for that infernal cobweb! I thought that you meant seventy-five cents!"

If ever a bachelor walked fast, that bachelor did. He goes around now in a stew of indignation, relating his adventure, and winding up his story with the words—

"Yes, sir, the French woman actually asked me seventy five dollars for the short end of an infernal cobweb!"

An inexperienced bachelor going into a fancy milliner's store is pretty much like an innocent fly venturing into a spider's web.

Cross-Examining.—The veteran counsellor Caldbeck, one day cross-examining a country fellow as witness, asked him in several ways what he thought a particular person to be, from his own knowledge, hearsay, or belief; but could get no other answer, than that, "he did not know, and could not tell."

"Come, fellow," said the counsellor, "answer me on your oath; what would you take me to be, if you did not actually know my person, and should meet me in the street?"

"Why then," says the fellow, "since you ask me, I will tell you, sir. By virtue of my oath, if you had not that wig and gown upon you, I should take you for a *little cold pedlar.*" The learned counsellor was silenced.

☞ A gentleman observed to another that an officer in the army had left his house without paying his rent. "Oh!" exclaimed Frank Matthews, "you mean the left-tenant."

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE'S MARE AND THE DEBUTANTE.

At the time when the celebrated Kemble was manager of Covent Garden Theatre, a gentleman called to confer with him about an engagement for his daughter. It so happened that Kemble expected about the same hour the visit of a horse dealer, from whom he wished to buy a mare. Kemble, imagining the stranger was the expected horse dealer, asked at once:

"How old is she?"

"In May last she was sixteen."

"How? Sixteen?—rather old, ahem, ahem! Don't like that much. But the main point, is she quiet?"

"Perfectly, sir! I have never known a more gentle creature."

"How long has she been in the city?"

"It is about eight days since I arrived here from Grimstead."

"Is she thoroughly schooled?"

"Mr. Thelwell has given her some lessons."

"Well, if your conditions are not too hard, I think we shall agree."

"As to that, my dear sir, I leave it entirely to yourself; I think you will be perfectly satisfied, if you once bring her before the public. She is down stairs; shall I bring her up to you?"

"Bring her up!" replied Kemble, with an ironical smile. "Thank you, no. Hand her over to my groom."

"To your groom?"

"Yes! By and by, I shall go down and examine her. Tell him to take her to the stable for the present."

"What! to the stable?" cried the stranger, full of indignation.

"Certainly! where else? As you say that she is quiet, I shall try her in a short time. My friend Weston is just writing a melo-drama, in which I have to play. As soon as we have agreed upon the terms, I shall make my debut upon her back."

"What! Upon the back of my daughter you will make your debut? Sir, do you wish to insult me? I—"

"A thousand pardons, my dear sir! Do you not come from Cumberland?"

"No, I come from Grimstead."

"With a mare?"

"No! with my daughter, my child, whom you want me to send down to your groom."

"An error! Quite a mistake! I really am very sorry."

The reader may imagine that it took several minutes before both parties had sufficiently calmed down to speak of the engagement of the young actress.

HOME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sweet Home! there is a magic in the sound,
A potent spell that sways the human heart
Though we may search the extended world around,
And scan its works of nature and of art,
Gorgeous and rare, yet we shall never find
A place like home, though humble it may be,
A hovel all unsightly. 'Tis the Mind
That gilds the lowliest cot. 'Tis Memory,
With all its clustering thoughts of childhood's days
Radiant with glee—of youth's serener bliss—
The father's warm embrace, the mother's kiss—
Of friendships sweet—of varied games and plays—
'Tis Memory that throws a mellow light
Of pensive joy about thy home, and makes it bright.

Wilmington, Del. G. McC. M.

Tumbling in Self-Defence.—On one occasion, when a herd of cattle was pressing upon me in a most uncomfortable manner, I owed my escape to early instruction in the use of the "acrobat." The herd, wholly composed of cows, was surrounding me with a very threatening aspect, and was advancing in such a manner that there was no mode of escape from their ranks. Seeing that a bold stratagem was the only resource, I ran sharply forward, and commenced rotating towards them in that peculiar method which is technically termed "turning a wheel," i. e. executing a series of somersaults on the hands and feet alternately. The cows were so terrified at the unknown foe who was attacking them in so extraordinary a manner, that they were panic-stricken, and galloped off at full speed, leaving me an easy escape before they had recovered from their surprise.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.*

☞ There is both a Spanish and French proverb which says: "a melon and a woman are hard to choose." Probably *melon choice* may be the sequel to a *mistake* in either case.

Agricultural.

GARDEN CROPS IN SUCCESSION.

Those having small gardens, or even but a limited plot of ground may so arrange the crops cultivated as to obtain ample returns from a little space, provided the land is manured in proportion to the returns expected from it, and diligent attention given to each kind in its turn. Thus, after the early potatoes are planted, and when they have received their last hoeing, perhaps by the middle of June, cabbage plants may be set out between the rows: and when the potatoes are dug, say by the last of July, turnips may be sown over the ground for a late crop.

Tomatoes, peas and spinach should also be put in to keep up a fresh supply.

Radishes need not have a separate place by themselves in a garden, for the seed may be scattered over the asparagus bed, in melon hills, and among the beets and parsnips. They are quick out of the way, and injure the other crops but a trifle.

Lettuce can be sown between rows of large vegetables, or on ground which will afterwards be occupied by running vines. Upon ground where early peas have been taken off, cabbage or turnips may be grown, and perhaps squashes, if room will allow.

After the first crop of early sweet corn makes its appearance, a second sowing should be made, by means of which the season can be prolonged to a considerable extent.—*Country Gentleman.*

Hay Required for Cows.—Otis Brigham of Westborough, Massachusetts, after 70 years' experience in farming, says, in The New England Farmer, that good cows will eat on an average 20 pounds of hay per day, when giving milk, and 15 pounds when dry—not by guess work, but tested by actual weighing for months at a time.

Then it is easy to calculate the cost of milk. In the neighborhood of New York, the average value of hay is one cent a pound, and the average quantity of milk not over six quarts.—At 3½ cents a quart it will pay the hay bill and one cent a day over. If other feed is given, the increase of milk must pay for that. The manure will be worth at least the cost of attendance and milking. If the milk is worth more than 3½ cents, it gives a profit; and if less, a loss. The rule is a useful one for those who buy hay, as it shows them how much must be provided to winter a cow. We would not risk a provision of less than two tons per cow.

Ploughing in Grass Seed.—O. L. Dow, of Nelson, New Hampshire, writes to the New England Farmer, that "his way" of seeding down to grass has been, for the last 12 years, to *plough in* all his grass seed. He thinks it does best when sowed before the first ploughing, at any rate before cross ploughing. He would plough it in deep; it will come up in time, and being deep-rooted withstands drought that will destroy a shallow sown crop, as well as resist the effect of frosts, or heaving out.—He adds, "I have sown on five different farms in this way, and on every variety of soil from pine plain to heavy clay soil, from gravelly ledge to black muck, and never failed to get a fair crop of grass when seeded in this way."

Salting Cream for Butter Making.—A writer in the Homestead reports a statement made at the New Haven lectures, that by adding a tablespoonful of fine salt to a quart of cream, as the latter is skimmed from off the milk and placed in the cream-pots until enough accumulates for churning, the time required for churning is reduced to two or three minutes. In a trial made by the writer, he found this to be true, and his theory is, that the salt acts upon the thin coating of the globules of butter, and so dissolves it that a slight agitation breaks it, and the butter comes at once. The experiment can easily be tried by any butter-maker.

A writer in the Virginia Farm Journal states that he has succeeded in starting branches on his pear trees wherever he wishes a limb to grow. He says:—

"A careful examination will show plenty of dormant eyes, or knurls on this stock. To produce a shoot a slit or gash is made over the eye and into the wood, with a knife or fine saw, which, by checking the flow of sap, starts those dormant eyes into life, and in three cases out of four a branch shoots forth."

THE STRAWBERRY.

Mr. R. G. Pardee, of New York, in a lecture at Yale College, on the strawberry, says:—

The following, to cultivate that fruit, is the best method:—Select a warm, moist, but exposed situation; for early berries, let it slope to the east or south; for late ones to the north. The soil should be a fine gravelled loam. Avoid high, barren soils, and those which are wet. To prepare the soil, make it clean; underdrain, leaving the drain open at both ends, to allow the circulation of air. Pulverize at least two feet in depth, making ten per cent. of the soil as fine as superfine flour. For manure, apply thirty bushels of unleached ashes and twelve bushels of lime slacked with water, holding three bushels of salt in solution, to the acre.

Transplanting should be done with great care, and the rootlets of the plant injured as little as possible. The best time to transplant is in the spring, though, with care, it may be done any time during the summer. The lecturer said he would, in starting a new bed, place the plants three feet apart. Water may be added with great advantage, in large quantities, except during the flowering and ripening periods, provided always, it does not stand and become stagnant on the soil. The hoe should never be used about the plants, as it injures the roots. The productiveness of the strawberry about New York does not average more than forty bushels to the acre. There is no difficulty in raising one hundred and fifty bushels under the cultivation recommended. In the winter the plants should be highly covered.

Artificial Honey Comb.—The Sacramento Bee talks of artificial honey comb, being manufactured by J. N. Hoag, a California aparian. The Bee says:—

"It is made of pure beeswax, melted down, run into moulds to make it thin and even, like window glass, cooled, and then pressed, stamped, or embossed into the exact shape of the partition which separates the double row of cells in the comb. He does not make the entire comb, but merely this ground work; and it is done with such perfectness that when placed in the hive the bees accept it as their own work, and erect their sexangular cells upon it with the utmost alacrity.

"It is a new thing, as we are told, in these United States—Mr. Hoag being the only person in the Union, who, so far as is known, manufactures this artificial comb. It is a German invention, and said to be very profitable to bee men, as the artificial comb can be had cheap, and saves much time to the bees. We know this: that the bees work upon it just as if it were their own manufacture, and what better evidence of its perfectness and adaptation can be had?"

Turpentine for Striped Bugs.—Three or four feathers from a hen's wing, says a writer in the N. E. Farmer, or cotton batting on split sticks, dipped in spirits of turpentine and placed in the hill so as to extend over the vines, will keep away yellow striped bugs. The dipping should be repeated as often as the turpentine loses its strength, and after every shower. This plan has succeeded with the writer much better than boxes five inches high covered with millinet, which make the vines run up tall, so they do not grow as well as when open to the rain and air.

Profit of Hens.—A writer in the Boston Cultivator has ascertained that fifty of our common barn-yard fowls will consume half a peck of corn per day, and goes into this calculation in regard to the profit. "If," says he, "corn is one dollar per bushel, and eggs eighteen cents per dozen, it would take about eight eggs to pay for the corn consumed by fifty hens in a day. It is very evident to any one that the above number of fowls, if properly fed, would average more than eight eggs per day, and consequently, there would be a profit from them."

Useful Receipts.

A Substitute for Preserves.—A lady writer communicates the following bit of information obtained where she "took tea last:"

A dish of what I took to be preserves was passed me, which upon tasting I was surprised to learn contained no fruit. The ease with which it was prepared, and the trifling cost of its materials are not its chief recommendations, for unless my tasting apparatus deceived me, as it is not usually wont to do, it is emphatically a tip-top substitute for apple-sauce, apple butter, tomato preserves, and all that sort of thing. It is prepared as follows:—Moderately boil a pint of molasses from five to twenty minutes, according to its consistency, then add three eggs thoroughly beaten, hastily stirring them in, and continue to boil a few minutes longer, and season with nutmeg or lemon.

Liquid Glue.—The following recipe, the discovery of a French chemist, is selling about the country, as a secret, for various prices, from one to five dollars. It is a handy and valuable composition, as it does not gelatinize nor undergo putrefaction and fermentation, and become offensive, and can be used cold for all the ordinary purposes of glue in making or mending furniture or broken vessels that are not exposed to water, &c.

In a wide mouthed bottle dissolve eight ounces of best glue in a half pint of water, by setting it in a vessel of water and heating it till dissolved. Then add slowly, constantly stirring, two and a half ounces of strong aquafortis (nitric acid.) Keep it well corked, and it will be ready for use. This is the "Celebrated Prepared Glue," of which we hear so much.

New Mode of Preserving Apples.—Mr. E. E. Bailey, of Claremont, N. H., took a keg full of apples, last fall, which he securely headed up, and sunk to the bottom of a deep mill pond. On bringing them to the surface a few days ago, every apple was found to be quite free from speck or rot, and as sound and unwrinkled as when from the tree.

To Prepare Blacking for Stoves.—Mix the lustre with the white of an egg; have your stove cold, apply with a brush, rub till perfectly dry, and you will have a lustre nearly equal to that of a new stove.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 9, 21, 6, 14, is one of the senses.
My 2, 12, 19, 8, 16, 15, 18, is also one of the senses.
My 3, 18, 20, 1, 18, 4, 22, I hope you are not.
My 4, 3, 13, 12, 17, is a numeral.
My 5, 18, 16, 1, 14, is a precious stone.
My 6, 8, 17, is a numeral.
My 7, 21, 7, 8, 11, is illegal.
My 8, 5, 18, 15, we could not live without.
My 9, 8, 5, 11, is a two wheeled carriage.
My 10, 16, 8, we could not live without.
My 11, 20, 7, 15, 18, we love to be.
My 12, 17, 22, 3, 8, 1, 5, 16, 15, 3, 9, we love to be.
My 13, 14, 21, 6, is an article of dress.
My 14, 19, 4, 1, is one of the points of the compass.
My 15, 3, 9, is a nickname.
My 16, is a pronoun.
My 17, 5, 13, 5, is the middle of a church.
My 18, 10, 22, 12, is an entrance.
My 19, 5, 11, 7, 19, is requested of the subscribers of the Post.
My 20, 3, 16, 20, 15, was a celebrated hunter.
My 21, 10, 1, 7, 8, 17, is a planet.
My 22, 20, 15, 18, 7, 3, is something you are continually using, but which is not apt to wear out.
My whole is instructive as well as entertaining.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 15, 6, 12, 5, 9, 7, was slain by a wild boar, and his blood was changed by Venus into the flower *anemone.*
My 13, 4, 16, 29, 7, was the goddess of beauty.
My 5, 14, 10, 18, 20, 16, 4, was a marine god.
My 10, 11, 20, 18, 12, stood first among the infernal deities.
My 1, 17, 12, 2, 15, was the goddess of flowers.
My 21, 9, 7, 3, 10, 22, 12, 16, 14, was one of the Furies.
My 12, 19, 10, 8, 4, 20, 7, was the god of Music.
My 17, 3, 7, the god of hell, otherwise called Pluto.
My whole is a motto of a very numerous, benevolent society.

Manor Dale, Pa. J. F. H.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 5, 17, 3, 18, 28, 4, 20, is a noted American river.
My 19, 17, 13, 33, 25, 29, 4, 32, 8, 9, 19, 11, 4 12, 10, 35, 21, 27, is a production of an American statesman.
My 1, 33, 10, 20, is a city in South America.
My 6, 7, 22, 3, 9, 8, 25, is what no gentleman will use.
My 2, 29, 33, 6, 9, 16, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 34, 14, 8, 31, 29, is a well known furnace in Centre County, Pennsylvania.
My 36, 32, 1, 15, is a river in Africa.
My 30, 23, 31, 1, 16, 24, 12, 16, 6, 27, is a town of considerable note in central Pennsylvania.
My 28, 25, 35, 6, is a paper which every one ought to read.
My 37, 26, 2, 37, 26, 14, was one of the Generals of the Revolution.
My whole is what some enigma writers should observe.

WILLIAM B. ALEXANDER.
Jacksonville, Centre Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

Of my first, as I think by St. Paul we are told,
The good people of Athens were greedy of old;
And o'en now, I am sure, 'tis the principal search
At the barber's, the blacksmith's and sometimes at church.
Though my second is formed, like mankind, from the earth,
It is cruelly used from the time of its birth;
Till, by beating and bruising, and discipline strange,
It at last undergoes a most wonderful change:
And when joined with my first, for my whole you will find
For each day in the year, ample food for the mind.

CHARADE.

Before a circle let appear
Twice twenty-five and five in rear;
One-fifth of eight subjoin, and then
You'll quickly find what conquers men.

RIDDLE.

A lady met a gentleman in the street; the gentleman said, "I think I know you;" the lady said he ought, as his mother was her mother's only daughter. What relation was he?

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three men, A, B and C, bought a piece of gold in the shape of a spherical segment, each paying one-third part of the expenses. Now, supposing the diameter of its base to be 12 inches, and its perpendicular height 4 inches. By consent, A, B and C agree to divide this segment equally, by cutting it at right angles to its diameter, and perpendicular to its base. How much of its diameter must each man have for his share?

Springfield, Ohio. W. K. GONDY.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why does the weathercock point to a high moral truth? Ans.—It shows man what a *vane* thing it is to *aspire.*

☞ Why is a bow-legged man like a holiday down South? Ans.—Because you see the *knee grows out* (negroes out).

☞ Why is a summer like pride? Ans.—Because it goeth before a fall!—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ Why is a horse the most miserable of animals? Ans.—Because his thoughts are always on the *rack.*

☞ Why would a printer make a good lawyer? Ans.—Because he always understands his case.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"Love is the soul's electric flame and gold its best conductor." RIDDLE—Pearl (earl—pear—ear). PLACES IN CANADA ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED—Piet-on, Wood-stock, North-umber-land, Ott-awa. CUBICAL QUESTION—The church is 80 feet long, 48 broad, 36 high, and the plastering thereof will amount to £54 8s, old Pennsylvania currency, or $145,06⅔, being 1,450⅔ cubic yards, in the wall and ceiling of said church.